THE SPHERE

Vol. CXXXV
No. 1761

WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED THE GRAPHIC

OCT. 21
1933

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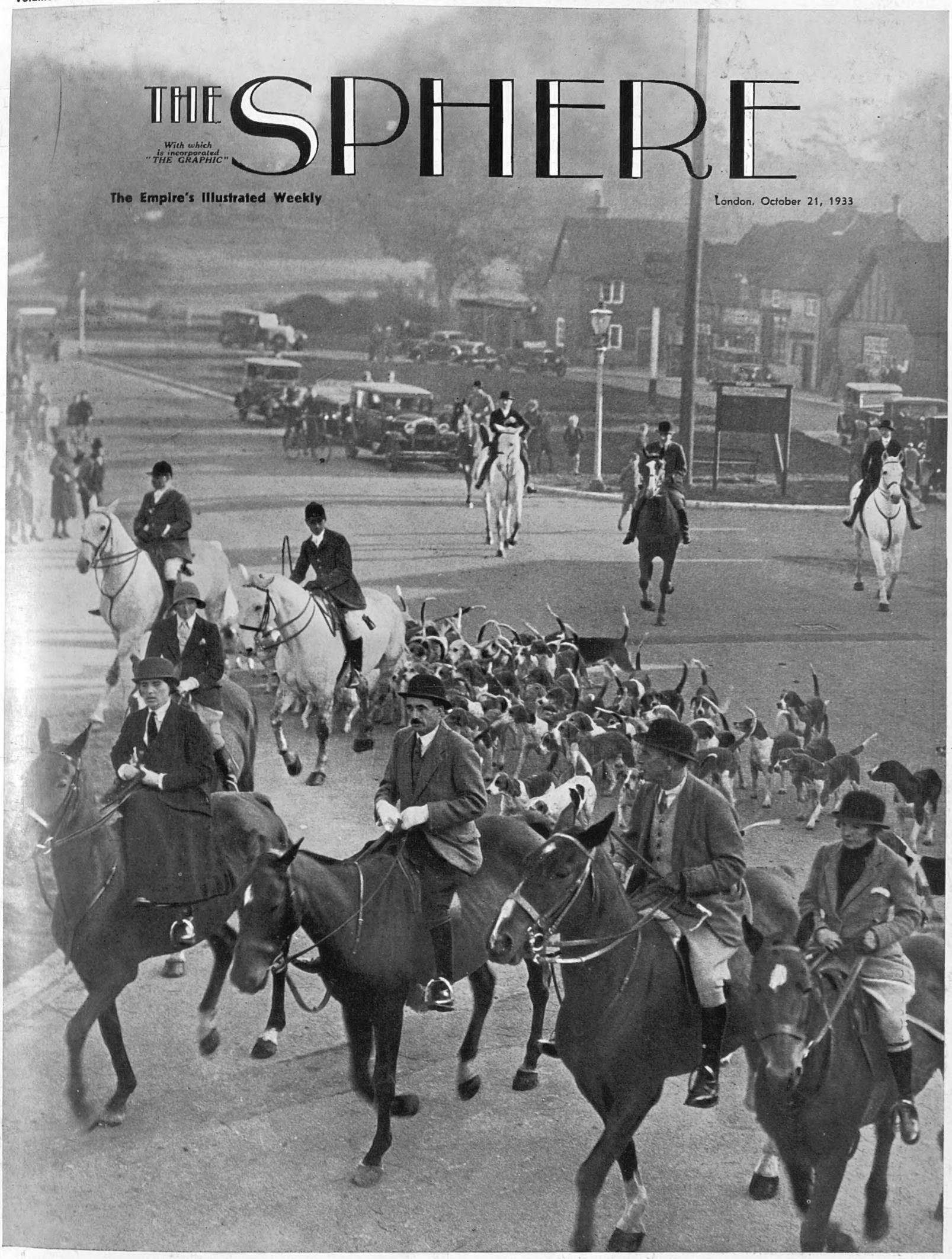
Volume CXXXV No. 1761

THE SPHERE

With which is incorporated "THE GRAPHIC"

The Empire's Illustrated Weekly

London, October 21, 1933



MOVING OFF TO DRAW

A Cubbing Meet of The Old Berkeley at Chalfont St. Giles

Within a few days Britain's two hundred or more packs will once again be in full cry, and the countryside will be in the throes of yet another hunting season. Cubbing is almost over, and hounds, horses, and riders are now eagerly awaiting the first November meets. The above picture was taken at Chalfont St. Giles as the famous Old Berkeley Hunt left to draw the neighbouring woods. This hunting country, which covers about 100 square miles of Hertfordshire, Buckinghamshire, and Middlesex, invariably shows excellent sport, stake and bound fences with small ditches, and straightforward timber providing the enthusiast with sufficient obstacles to test both his skill and his courage. The kennels are at Coldmoreham, Amersham

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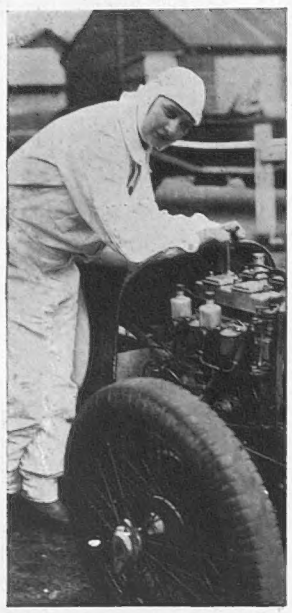


MISS RITA DON, sister of the famous motorist and speed-boat pilot, preparing for a practice run at Brooklands in Mr. Fred Dixon's Riley. She took part in last Saturday's Ladies' Mountain Handicap

A LONDON NEWSLETTER

346, STRAND, W.C., Wednesday, October 18, 1933.

THE APPLE-CART.—Germany's tremendous decision at the week-end certainly did not fail in its prime object; it went off like a bomb-shell, not like a damp squib. The dove-cots (apt word!) of Civilization were set fluttering. Whether Sir John Simon and his French confrères or compères were entitled to be "taken by complete surprise" is another question. There were others besides Mr. Vernon Bartlett (who made a dramatic radio oration) who could have said, "I told you so." In the present temper of young Germany, Hitler was perfectly safe in risking his own position on that great coup. The League's position at the moment becomes dubious. It plays *Hamlet* without the Prince of Denmark; it sits down to repair the locks of the stable-door when the horses are stolen. The Conference's great task was to deal statesmanly and fairly with Germany and the fatal treaty, and its banquet has been snatched away by the Eagle. No doubt Germany has taken a decision of the gravest kind, but it is not for Germany a "fatal" decision by any means until England (acting for once on her own) and France (allowing second thoughts to be heard) have with coolness and restraint considered the next move. The point on which I lay stress is Hitler's resolve for a plebiscite. Hitler's forecast of the result of his own plebiscite is not doubtful.

ARE THE GOVERNMENTS REPRESENTATIVE?—What would be the result, if it were possible for all the Great Powers to take a plebiscite on this tremendously important question? The doubt in many minds is this: to what extent do the Governments of (say) France, England, and America represent the true, present-day opinions of the democracies they control? France is long since prepared (so far as human ingenuity can prepare) against an attack from outside her territory. There, along her eastern frontier, stand as witness those impregnable lines — solid concrete and wire entanglements mechanically protected against shell-fire, which are the admiration of military engineers. Does France's present government rightly interpret the present-day opinion of the French nation? May it not be that that nation is satisfied with its defences and, longing for peace and a chance to pursue the arts and to benefit by the trade which peace alone can bring, has long been prepared to take a risk and to cut away the ulcer of Germany's sense of humiliation and injustice? And in England, does not the man in the street (if he hate Hitler personally and some of the recent manifestations of Hitlerism) sympathize with Germany's humiliation? It is indeed the moment for calmness, belated justice, and perfect restraint on the part of the Great Powers, to right the apple-cart.

AUSTRALIA IN SEVEN DAYS.—The knights of the air earn their rewards a dozen times over, and while their flying life lasts. Other knights—such as certain profiteers—buy them with a lump sum down and regard the bargain as closed. Kingsford-Smith might have rested on his laurels in 1928 after his famous San Francisco-Honolulu-Australia flight. But this great Australian pioneer has gone on pioneering ever since. The history of speed is very curious. From the time of the Romans until 1820 it remained stagnant. Hadrian and Sir Robert Peel took the same time to post from Rome to London. Came steamships and railways. The sailing vessel could reach Australia in three months, the mail steamer to-day can do it in one month. The railway train can average 60 m.p.h., the motor car can average 45 m.p.h. along the road, but until "the other day" the Romans' road record held—14 m.p.h. for carefully planned stages. And then came flying. And the history of speed began to be writ in quicksilver. No flying records are possible without intense preparation and most careful organization. The first flight to Australia was no quicker than the steamship's time. At the average rate of five days a year that time has been cut down to one week. Kingsford-Smith, who accomplished a new record for Australia, made it appear the simplest thing possible. He flew his small Percival Gull monoplane with its 120-h.p. Gipsy Major engine, designed by another Australian, a machine for a week-end visit. If Old Man Time looks foolish, let us not deceive ourselves. There was nothing informal or careless about Kingsford-Smith's secret preparations. He flew with sure faith along the track blazed and charted by the pioneers of the sky. And Ulm was on his heels.

EFFICIENCY OR FUTILITY?—Mr. Baldwin spoke on the wireless last week on the achievement of the Government. He was very convincing in his appreciation of a year's progress. He reminded us that the National Government came in when the country was just tottering to bankruptcy. He remarked that in the 1932 financial year our adverse trade balance was reduced by £120,000,000, 775,000 unemployed resumed work, our finances were put on a permanently sound basis, the taxpayer was saved £52,000,000 a year of debt service, the farmers' tears changed to smiles and there were 100,000 acres more put under wheat. But the improvements already ascertained during the first few months of 1933 in respect of unemployment reduction, exchequer receipts, saving to the taxpayer, improvement in trade and trade balance, make the achievements of 1932 appear as a mere drop in the ocean. To-morrow (Thursday 19th) Mr. Lansbury will speak to the same highly intelligent and huge audience. His subject will be "The futility of the National Government." And, believe me, he will be equally convincing. Such is the radio symposium of selected politicians on the "burning questions" of the day.

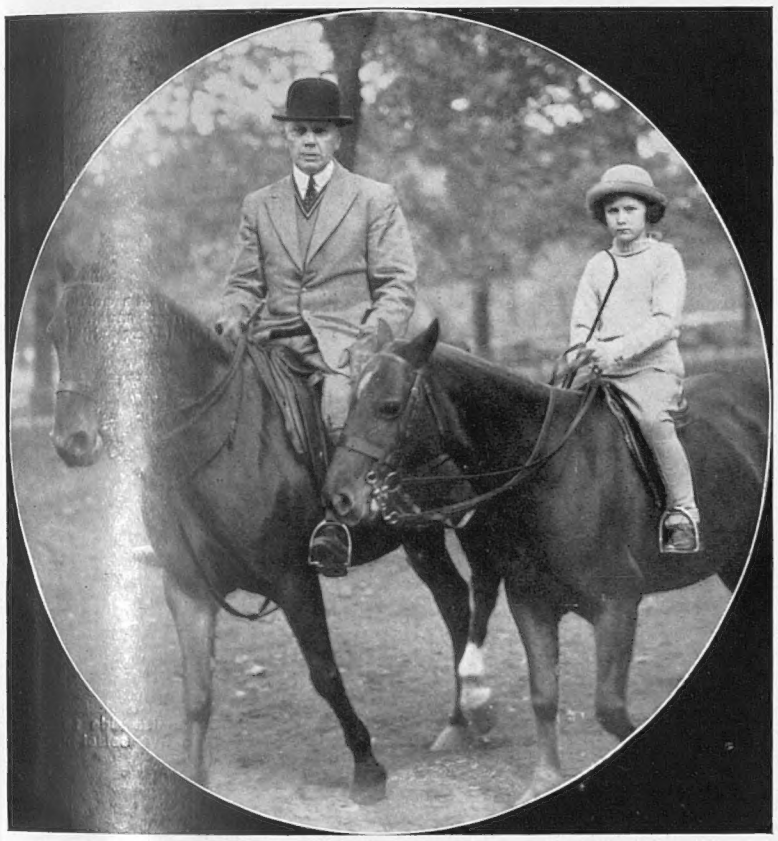
TWO MEN IN THE NEWS.—Lord Irwin has been recommended by the Conservative Committee of the University to succeed Lord Grey as Chancellor. It is a choice among the rumoured candidates which might have been confidently forecast. Son of Lord Halifax, that old and staunch High Churchman, he is designed by nature and character to adorn the post. Ex-Viceroy of India and Minister of Education, he is a liberal minded Conservative. A scholar, a sportsman, a proved administrator, a good mixer, a great gentleman, a Churchman and one who professes and practises the principles of Christianity, he is lacking in no single qualification to recommend him to Oxford graduates. He is the heaven-sent choice. Sir Herbert Richmond Palmer has been appointed Governor of Cyprus. Little advertised and little known outside his own department of the Colonial Office, he gave the best years of his life to West Africa and Nigeria, twenty-one years in all. Since 1930 he has governed Gambia. He is still in the mid-fifties, but if any Colonial

A HAUL FOR WINDOW-BOX ENTHUSIASTS: A free distribution of plants was held on Saturday in many of the L.C.C. parks. This picture shows some of the eager applicants waiting their turn at Battersea

THE PRINCESS ROYAL fulfilled her first official engagement for several months when she presented 140 long service medals last week to members of the Norfolk detachments of the Red Cross at Holkham Hall. She is seen with the Earl of Leicester

MEMBERS OF THE "GRAIL" MOVEMENT leaving Westminster Cathedral after attending Mass. This women's group, which originated in Holland, is devoted essentially to bringing religion into everyday life and to interpreting Church teachings through the medium of art

WHITE SAILS AMID THE BROWN OF AUTUMN TINTS: Some of the fifty yachts which took part in the final all-in meeting of the season held by the Tamesis Club at Teddington



A LESSON IN THE ROW: Lady Mary Ilona Cambridge with her riding master, Mr. Forrester. She is the nine-year-old daughter of the second Marquess of Cambridge, who is a nephew of the Queen

WOMEN JOCKEYS IN NEWMARKET'S HISTORIC TOWN PLATE: Left to right—Miss Gladys Waldron who won the race on Journey's End, Miss Glover, Miss Bell, Mrs. A. Heald, and Miss Hamshaw. Miss Waldron is the daughter of Alderman Waldron, Conservative candidate at East Fulham

administrator deserves a transfer to a healthier sphere and one nearer home, it is he. It is always a pleasure to learn that these silent public servants in our West African Empire are not left to rot in a trying climate from the very fact that their services are of such vital importance as a result of their long experience.

FROM VERSE TO WORSE.

—Lionel Lord Tennyson is the third holder of a barony founded on poetry and high thinking. (N.B.—The very idea of a poet being created a peer nowadays is fantastic, and shows how our world has changed since mid-Victorian days.) The first baron—poet, prophet, solemnly conscious of the supreme importance of his mission, jealous of the deference due to him, lacking what we call a sense of humour. The second baron, after a career in the public service, became the guardian of his father's reputation, the keeper of the poet's shrine, the caretaker of the great man's museum, for, as Lionel Lord Tennyson justly observes, Farringford was nothing else. The poet's last pipe was left to gather dust just where his dying hands set it down, the poet's trees rotted on the ground where they fell, and Farringford was a dreary home for normal, healthy boys. The third baron—brought up to bow down every hour before the Lares and Penates—suffered the inevitable reaction. He and his two charming brothers (both victims of the War) were of the earth earthy, high spirited, all out for fun, all haters of stuffiness, all revolters from the tyranny of traditions. And they learned to be very adroit in covering their tracks from the parental eye. A tragi-comedy—yet, if the poet-prophet's creed was based on sound reasoning, the spirits of the first and second barons must be conscious of the third baron's fearful contribution to Tennysonian literature; and on that little wooden bridge across "Tennyson's Lane," the villagers will see a shadow pass, in black cloak and sombrero, wringing its hands, perhaps shaking its fist, and if the third baron is familiar with his grandfather's "verse," perhaps one day he will quote with chattering teeth:

"The shadow sits and waits for me."

THE DISCOVERED HOLBEIN.

—I wonder how many little notebooks were filled with the names and addresses of intelligent or, rather, fashionable Londoners who visited Spink's Galleries for a free view of the newly-discovered Holbein of Henry VIII. It is a most interesting find. The rich red colouring of the tunic contrasts with the dead parchment of that sad, thwarted, cruel, sensuous face. It is indeed as if Holbein had dared to caricature his Royal patron, for the face is flat and wooden in comparison with the velvet of the King's dress. Looking at the latter one would almost swear that it was done not in paint but in embroidery, so marvellously do velvet, fur, and collar stand out, giving the impression that the finger would sink into the velvet and insinuate itself under the Royal collar. The face is a tragedy of a thwarted and a mis-spent life—the pig eyes, the bald eyebrows, the miserable, shapeless ears, the cruel mouth, the obstinate jaw, the gross broad cheeks. It is as if Holbein were writing with his brush this condemnation: Here is a block of dry wood clothed in priceless velvet and furs and tricked out with rare jewels. Here is the husk of what was once vigorous and vital, here is a royal emblem set on a wood-block. Several of the once "authentic" Holbein portraits of Henry VIII—notably that at Petworth—are now catalogued as "after Holbein." The portrait at Spink's Gallery shows the hand of the master in many, if not in all details. But the Warwick Castle portrait remains, I fancy, pre-eminent even now as the perfect portrait of the King by Holbein.

"BODY-LINE" DEAD.

—The dignified but diplomatic reply of the M.C.C. to the recent Australian cable on that vexed question of "body-line" bowling has pulled the chestnuts out of the fire and saved Test cricket. "Body-line" bowling is dead and it only remains to say that by any other name it would have smelt sweeter. It was not for England to eat her words—even those hot words freely used by individuals during the last Test series which suggested that "bumping them on the leg stump" was not invented by Larwood, and that Australia saw no objection to such bowling when Macdonald and Co. were skittling the Englishmen out. Rather, we may declare that if Australia had blue-pencilled her first protest, had taken a calmer tone and chosen a prettier adjective for Larwood's bowling, a long and bitter controversy might have been avoided and a melancholy end to a Test series spared. Test cricket is safe again, next year's Australian visit is a certainty, and our visitors will land here in the full knowledge that the vast proportion of county cricketers have set their faces against what might develop from a particular method of bowling patented by a first-rate fast bowler whose precision is outstanding. What Larwood might do with safety to life and limb, a lesser star could never practise without serious risk. Bradman and his fellows have gained their point, English cricket subscribes to their opinion. Indeed, it wasn't (ever) so much the things they said as the nasty way they said it. The M.C.C. has been dignified, strong, and consistent all along. *Imprimis*, it never admitted that Larwood deliberately bowled at the batsman. He is far too good a bowler to do that unsatisfactory thing. It was convinced that bowling at the batsman is not cricket, and can be put down, if it ever is tried, by the captain's influence and the weight of team opinion. But it would be fatal to cricket to lay a new responsibility on the umpires or to tamper with the broad and fluid rules of the game. The question is settled, Test cricket saved; let us all forget that unfortunate word.

GENERAL SIR J. FRANCIS GATHORNE-HARDY, K.C.B., at Government House, Aldershot, after taking over the Aldershot Command. He was formerly G.O.C.-in-C. Northern Command

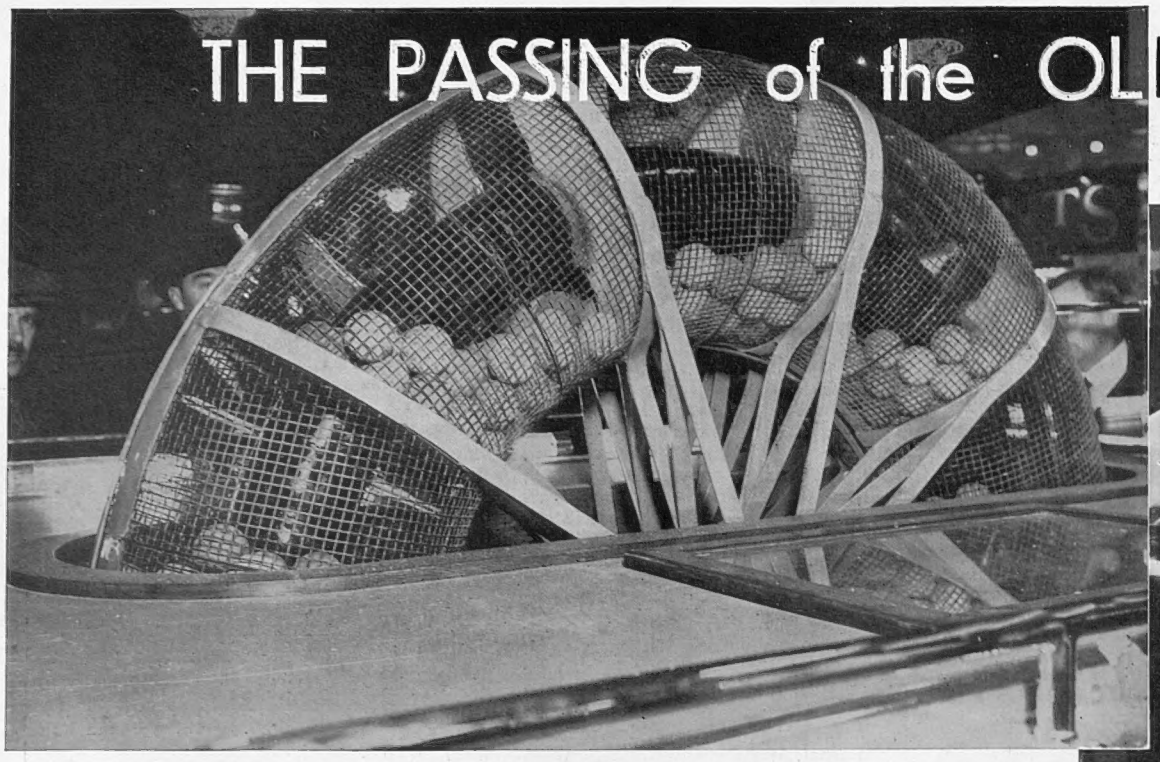
THE MOTOR SHOW.

—Opened for the first time in its history by Royalty, the most cosmopolitan and democratic of all autumn meetings is now on at Olympia. It is a show which every year is more tempting to the St. Anthony (if he still exist) of economy and slow motion. But we are so irreclaimably motor-minded that I doubt if anyone remains to be won over to motor cars. We are by no means air-minded yet as a nation, we have still to be converted to electricity. But we are motor-minded to a man. This year the temptation is not one of cut prices. It is the temptation of easy driving and of multum-in-parvo. You can buy a "family car" for £130, with a £7 tax and with synchro-mesh or foolproof gear-changing thrown in. The mass producers have plumped for automatic gear-change and in our hearts we are glad of it. The average man is always clumsy with his gear-changes; though the women, at whom all motor-car advertising is really directed, being nimbler with their hands, sometimes boast that they don't want driving made too easy. But, bless you, they fall for any change, even a change from gear-changing. You will not value a review of the technicalities of those wonderful machines at Olympia by one who drives a mass-produced model, drives strictly for economy's sake, and never dreams of looking inside the bonnet save to pour oil into an indicated hole. Suffice it to say that the Motor Show is once again London's paramount attraction.

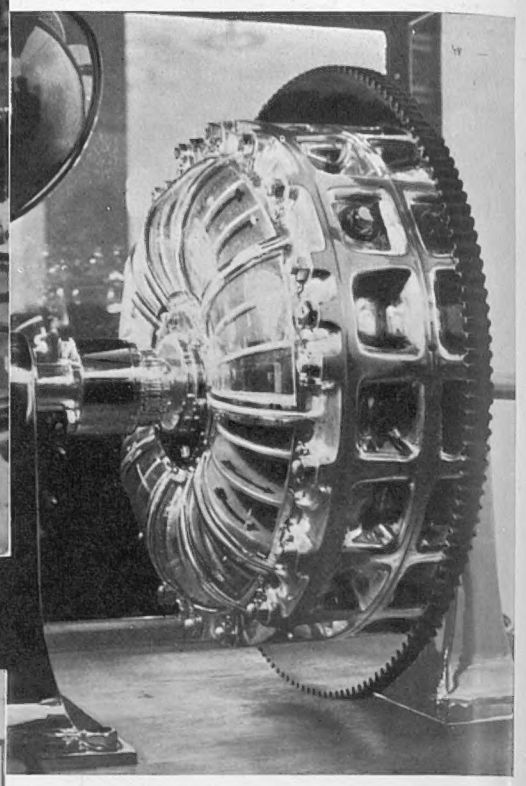
THE OLD STAGER

THE PASSING of the OLD GEAR-BOX

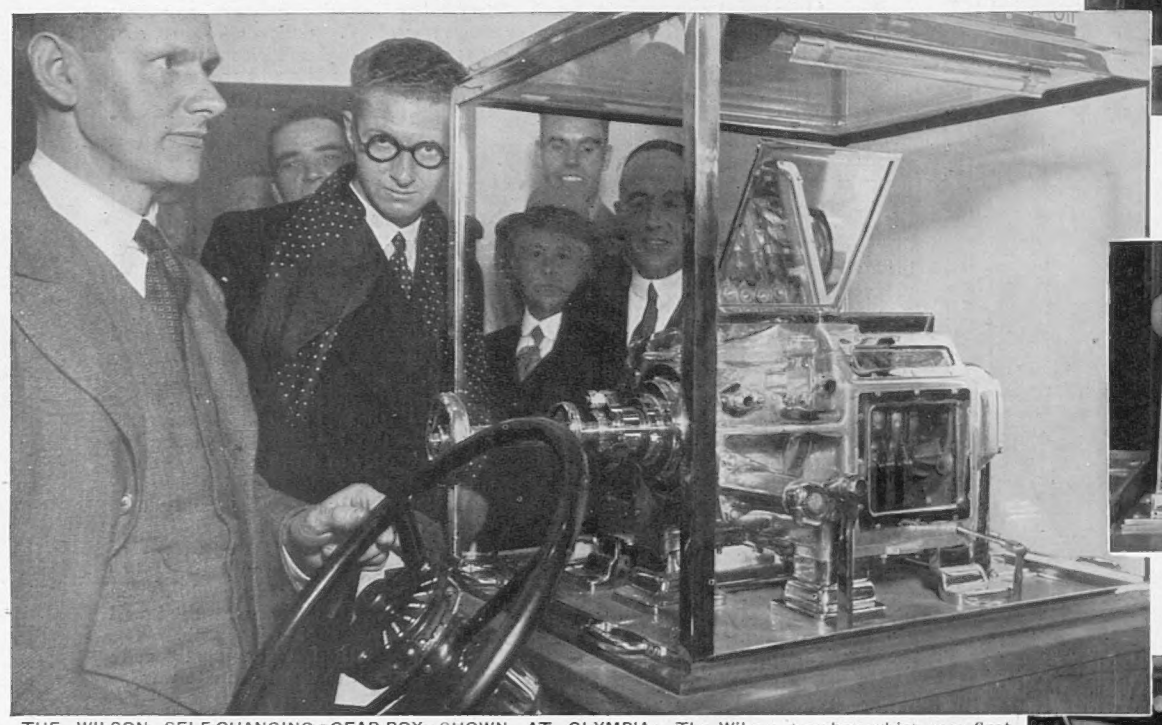
At a History-Making Motor Show at Olympia



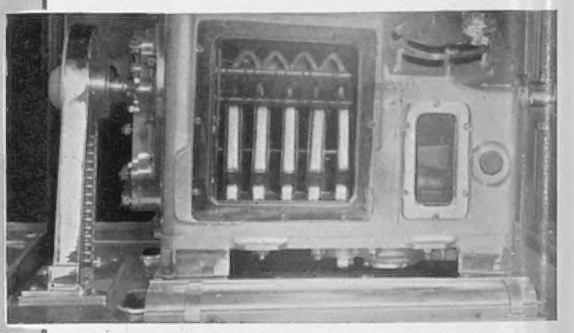
THE FLUID FLY-WHEEL'S GYROSCOPIC ACTION shown in a fascinating model at Olympia. Thousands of visitors have been watching the action of the two halves of this model "fluid fly-wheel." The oil in the actual mechanism is here represented by tennis balls on a wire gauze framework which revolves, flinging the balls tangentially, and giving a visual impression of the action of the oil when in motion



WHAT AN ACTUAL FLUID FLY-WHEEL LOOKS LIKE: This fluid fly-wheel shows the actual appearance of this Daimler-patented mechanism and is to be seen at the Shell Mex exhibit



THE WILSON SELF-CHANGING GEAR-BOX SHOWN AT OLYMPIA: The Wilson gear-box which was first employed on the Armstrong Siddeley cars and is now fitted to a dozen different makes, is here seen in a working model which has proved tremendously attractive to the mechanically-minded at the show. Crowds have watched the little bands gripping the particular gear wheels after the selector has been moved and the pedal depressed



THE OTHER SIDE OF THE WILSON GEAR EXHIBIT: The window on the opposite side to the view on the left shows the five selector struts in operation

THE GENERAL SCENE AT OLYMPIA DURING THE 1933 MOTOR SHOW: This year's motor show has had record attendances. Everywhere great enthusiasm and a steady flow of business have been evident. This year's exhibition has been remarkable for the great extension in the fitting of robot or semi-robot gear-boxes to all sorts of cars. The early efforts are at length bearing fruit

Special "Sphere" Pictures

EXPLAINING THE SYNCHRO-MESH GEAR-BOX: This simplification of the gear-box, now fitted to all Austin models, obviates double clutching for the perfect gear change. One pushes straight through to third or top gear

THE DAIRY SHOW OPENS AT THE ROYAL AGRICULTURAL HALL

THE COUNTRY COMES TO TOWN: A dairymaid making butter at the fifty-fifth Dairy Show which opened this week at the Royal Agricultural Hall. This year's display gives a remarkable indication of the progress of the milk industry

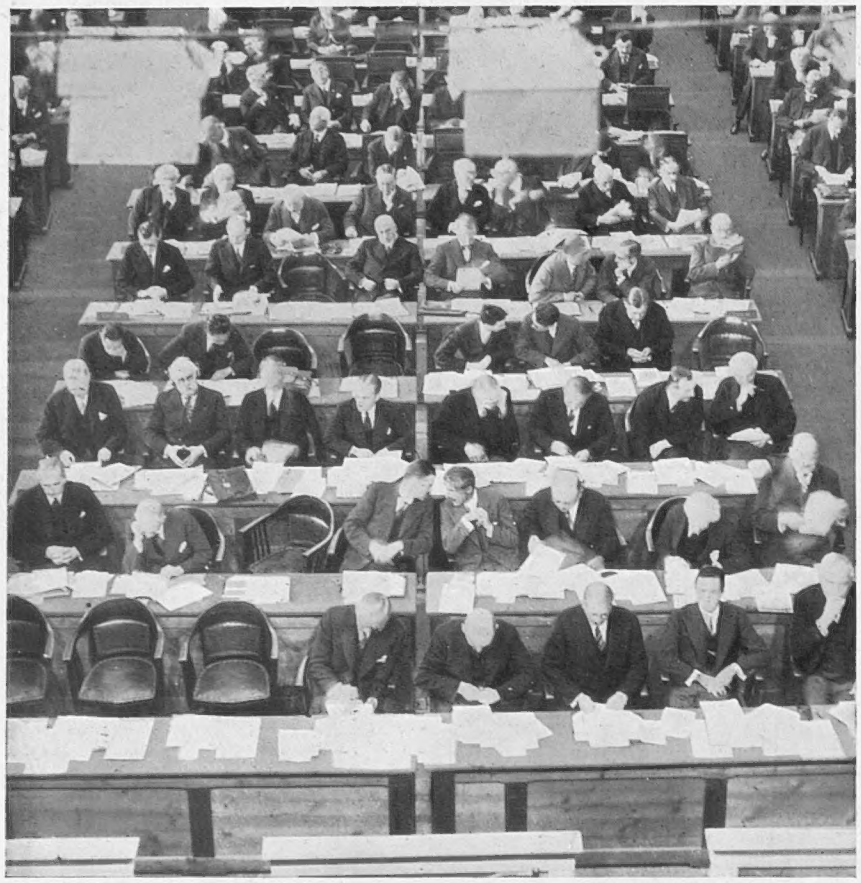
SIR CHARLES KINGSFORD-SMITH BREAKS THE ENGLAND–AUSTRALIA RECORD

TO AUSTRALIA IN JUST OVER A WEEK: Air Commodore Sir Charles Kingsford-Smith with *Miss Southern Cross*, the all-British Percival Gull machine in which he broke Mr. C. W. A. Scott's England-Australia record by one day sixteen hours

BRITAIN'S LATEST CRUISER

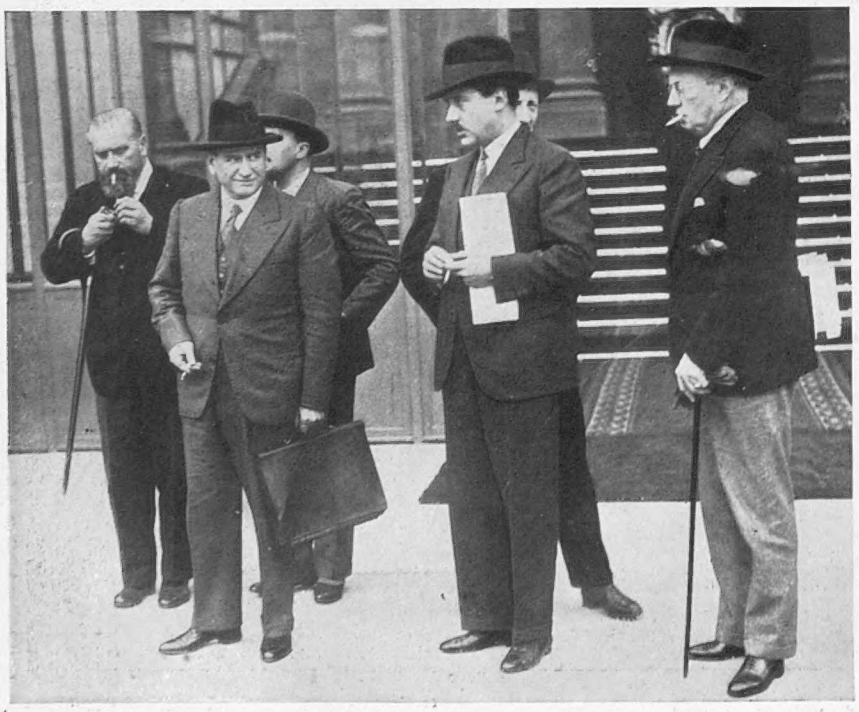
H.M.S. *Leander* being inspected by interested visitors during Hull Civic Week

"SHOWS THE FLAG"



THE LEAGUE IN SESSION: A picture taken before Germany's startling announcement of her withdrawal from Geneva. The second figure from the right in the front row is Dr. Goebbels, Chancellor Hitler's eloquent Minister of Propaganda

A PALACE OF PEACE! The great £1,000,000 building now in course of construction at Geneva. Whether it will ever be used for the purpose for which it is intended has lately become a matter for conjecture



THE FRENCH CABINET DISCUSSES THE GENEVA PROBLEM: M. Daladier (second from left), the Prime Minister, leaving the Élysée with his colleagues after a meeting on the Disarmament question

THE INITIAL ERROR? Dr. Stresemann addressing his fellow delegates on the historic occasion when Germany was elected to the League which she has now flouted

THE MARCH IN GE

Nine Months of Hec Regime Retold in

When, on January 30 of this year, President von Hindenburg appointed Herr Adolf Hitler, leader of the Nazi Party, to be Chancellor of the Reich, the stage became set for a series of startling political and social changes which in a few short months have altered the face of post-War Germany almost beyond recognition. The new Chancellor's actions, and those of his associates, have crowded upon one another with such amazing rapidity that the following brief recapitulation of the march of events may help to balance our perspective of the existing situation.

JANUARY.—After fifty-seven days in office General von Schleicher's Government fell, and on January 30 Hitler was appointed Chancellor of the first Nazi Government. The following were leading members of his Cabinet:—Herr von Papen (Vice-Chancellor and Reich Commissioner for Prussia), Baron von Neurath (Foreign Affairs), General von Blomberg (Defence), Dr. Hugenberg (Economic Affairs and Agriculture), Captain Göring (Minister without portfolio), and Dr. William Frick (Minister of the Interior).

FEBRUARY.—President Hindenburg signed a decree dissolving the Reichstag. A terror descended on all Adolf Hitler's political opponents, election meetings were broken up, and hundreds of protesting newspapers suppressed. The "private armies" of Nazis and Nationalists were enrolled as official but partisan police. Political shootings multiplied. Herr Hitler proclaimed that if the forthcoming elections gave him no majority, he would rule outside the Constitution. On February 27 the Reichstag, Germany's Parliament House, was set on fire in twenty places and the flames leapt into the members' chamber and brought part of the vast gilded dome crashing to ruins. The police arrested in the building a Dutch Communist of Leyden named Van der Lubbe.

MARCH.—The result of the General Election on March 5 gave Hitler and the National Socialists 288 out of 647 seats in the Reichstag. The new Government promptly arrested all the Communists and some Socialist deputies, suppressed more Communist and Socialist newspapers, and announced a "State of Emergency."

Adolf Hitler's dramatic leanings were manifest by his choice of the Garrison Church at Potsdam, with its memories of Frederick the Great and Imperial Wilhelm of 1914, as a venue for the new Reichstag. Prussian Guards goose-stepped across the famous parade ground. Snipers with carbines watched for disorder from the roof-tops. No Communist deputies were present—they were all in gaol, or exiles.

The Reichstag passed an Enabling Bill giving Hitler powers of dictatorship for four years, and thereupon dissolved itself. The Nazi swastika and the restored black-white-red of the former Imperial regime flew together on all public buildings. The post-War Constitution of Weimar disappeared with the Republican flag.

APRIL.—Chancellor Hitler had his forty-fourth birthday on April 19. It was suddenly discovered in Germany (after the manner of Disraeli and the English primroses) that the simple edelweiss was his favourite flower. Bunches were sold everywhere for a Hitler fund to give poor children mountain holidays. Storm troops were kept busy opening cases of presents—pictures in golden frames, needlework, thousands of bouquets. President von Hindenburg sent a signed photograph.

Meanwhile Hitler's complete ascendancy in the "New Germany" was confirmed by the submission to himself of the Stahlhelm, private army to the Nationalists. Nazi indignation rumbled when a large body of British opinion was inclined to be severe. A speech in the Commons by Sir Austen Chamberlain was criticized as "the most anti-German speech for ten years." Sir Austen, after referring to the persecution of German Jews, described the new spirit of German nationalism as "the worst of the old Prussian Imperialism with an added savagery, pride, and exclusiveness." The German Chargé d'Affaires in London protested at the Foreign Office against British Parliamentary criticism of domestic German conditions.

MAY.—Inauguration of Nazi May Day celebrations. Workers marched to the giant demonstration, happy in the knowledge that they were paid a full day's wages for a full day's whoopee. More than 1,000,000 people attended. The number grew to 1,500,000 in the evening, when the Chancellor spoke in the Tempelhofer field beneath ten converging searchlights.

May Day under National Socialism, Herr Hitler trumpeted, was to be a new festival representing the German community of "spirit, mind, and fist for workman, peasant, and bourgeois."

In outlining his four-year plan the Chancellor stressed the need for general labour conscription. Every German, high-born, rich or poor, professor's son and factory worker's child, should do manual labour once in his life. Unemployment was to be solved by private enterprise, a gigantic public programme of road-building "demanding milliards," and an attack on intolerable rates of interest on money.

Germany kept in the limelight as the month unfolded. The Nazis seized all trade unions, sacked their executives, took complete control of their 3,500,000 members, their funds and yearly budgets of £10,000,000, their buildings and organization. They made vast public bonfires of "un-German" books. And they provoked so much international sabre-rattling that before long Germany found herself friendless and alone.

Sensational rumours were current of a large-scale "invasion" of Austria by 30,000 German Nazis who were to seize power by force of arms. Dr. Dollfuss, Austria's energetic Nationalist Chancellor, moved troops and armed police to the frontier.

Meanwhile, Germany stood at the Disarmament Conference in Geneva with sword in one hand and Nazi "crooked cross" in the other, defying efforts at general disarmament. Her representative raised one hostile objection after another to the British plan which Mr. MacDonald advanced and which Italy and many other nations supported. In the end her representative withdrew, and the sixteen months' old conference looked like dying.

Lord Hailsham, speaking in the House of Lords, gave a plain warning that if Germany "walked out" of the Disarmament Conference she would be

OF EVENTS

MANY

History Under the Nazi
Chronological Summary

legally bound by the Versailles Treaty. "Any attempt on her part to re-arm in contravention of the Treaty would bring into operation the sanctions for which the Treaty provides."

The situation was already tense when Herr von Papen, Nationalist Vice-Chancellor of Germany, delivered the worst sabre-rattling speech since the war spirit inflamed men's mentalities two decades ago.

The popular Press in London started a head-line campaign of scare-mongering, while the French Premier, on the passage of an Armaments Vote, declared "We are completing as quickly as possible the line of fortification which has been voted by Parliament. We are working at full speed in all the Government factories to equip our frontiers and make them an impassable rampart against which any attack will be bound to fail."

JUNE. — Herr Hugenberg, the Nationalist leader in Adolf Hitler's Nazi-Nationalist Cabinet, issued a flamboyant memorandum to the World Economic Conference demanding the return of old German Colonies and the establishment of new ones.

The German Government, and Nazi delegates to the World Conference, curtly repudiated this memorandum. Herr Hugenberg went home to Germany and faced political extinction.

The Nationalist "Fighting Ring," Hugenberg's private army, was suppressed. The Nazis, during the month, wiped out the opposition party and removed from their seats 117 Socialist deputies, representing 7,000,000 voters. They now applied the steam-roller to their allies, so that there could finally be no party except Hitler's. Herr Hugenberg's resignation was invited with everything except words. Ignoring slights, he clung to office, and disturbed President von Hindenburg's holiday with an appeal for salvation.

Herr Hitler, during June, also suppressed the boy scouts. German youth, like German everything else, was to be a Nazi monopoly.

JULY. — Captain Göring, the Prussian Premier, issued a decree curbing the powers of the Prussian Parliament and depriving the Upper House of the right to vote.

The Minister of Agriculture outlined Germany's new agrarian policy.

The police assisted by storm troopers and the railway guard, began a surprise search of all trains and cars in the Reich "in order to check Communist and other anti-State machinations." The search lasted forty minutes and was carried out with the least possible disturbance to traffic.

AUGUST. — Britain, France, and Italy made polite protests to the German Government against Nazi propaganda in Austria, and invoked the new Four-Power Pact when calling attention to methods of disturbing the peace by dropping leaflets from German aeroplanes over Salzburg, and by continual radio attacks on the Austrian Government from South German wireless stations. It was understood, according to messages from the Italian Ambassador, that the German Government would "do its best" to prevent a repetition of these activities.

The best was not very good. Another attack on the Austrian Government was broadcast from Munich by the Nazi "Inspector for Austria," who described the Austrian Government as "a gang of terrorists kept in office by anti-German countries, especially France, against the wishes of an Austrian majority." Other and similar broadcasts followed.

HITLER BROADCASTS TO AN ASTONISHED WORLD: The Chancellor explaining the reason for Germany's withdrawal from the Disarmament Conference and the League of Nations

SEPTEMBER.—The dramatic event of the month was the opening of the trial, before the German High Court at Leipzig, of a Dutchman, a German Communist leader, and three Bulgarian Communists, all charged in connection with the mysterious burning of the Reichstag which preceded the elections upon which Herr Hitler's Nazis rode into complete control of Germany.

As in the earlier Moscow trial of British engineers, political motives were interwoven with the legal process, hysteria and prejudice obscured the issues, and a nation's judicial procedure paraded itself defiantly before the world. Microphones, searchlights, and armed soldiers promoted a theatrical atmosphere.

In the court room at Leipzig Marinus van der Lubbe, twenty-four-year-old Dutchman, the only one of the five accused of arson, was an enigma. Manacled and emaciated, he sat huddled beneath the red-robed judges, and kept his eyes on the ground while gaping with wide-open mouth. He seemed to take little interest in the trial, and even not to understand it.

Once he broke his silence with a laugh. "What are you laughing at?" said the judge sternly. "At the trial," said the prisoner, and resumed his hangdog attitude. His occasional answers were often inaudible. He said "Yes" and "No" to the same questions.

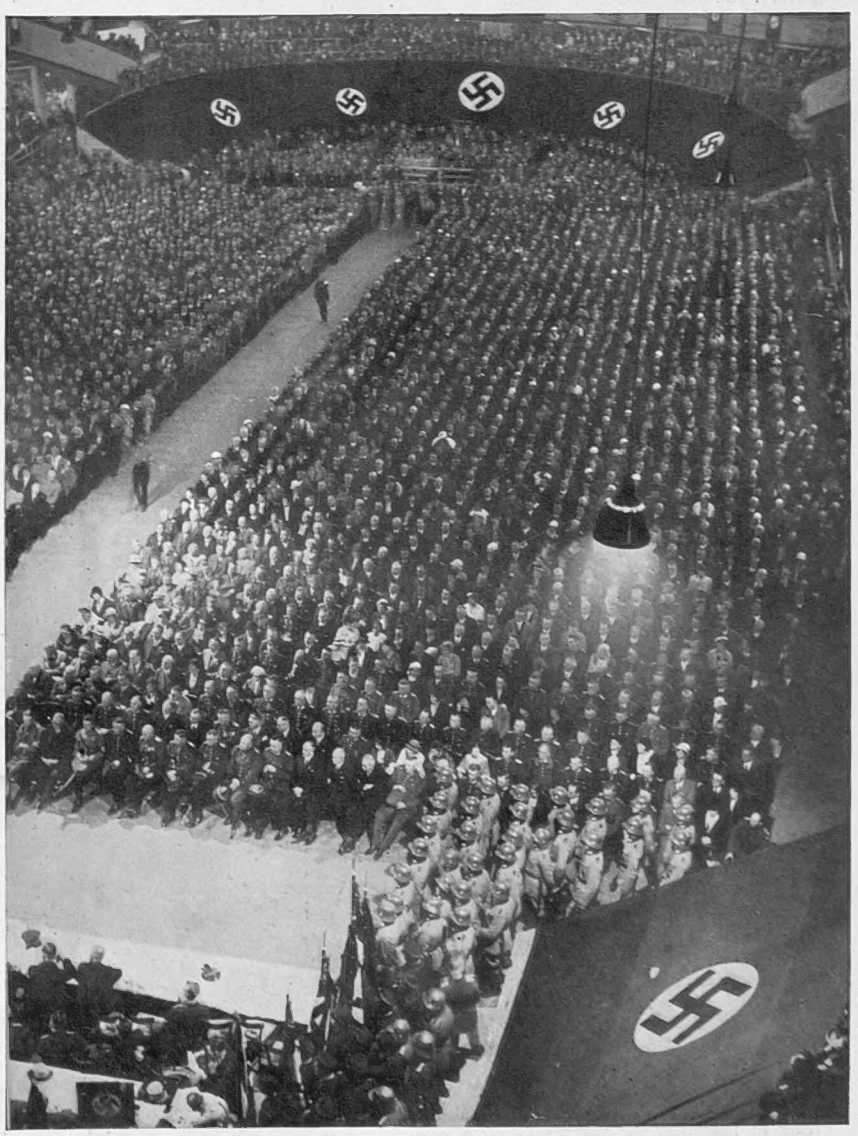
He confessed, with a faint "Yes," to firing the Reichstag, but remained in a semi-stupor while his statement to the police was read out. The presiding judge made him stand up in chains while saying "Yes" to confirm this police confession. The latter left many gaps, and was not a coherent reconstruction.

Was he a half-wit, a degenerate, or an actor? Police evidence was brought to show that he had been alert, arrogant, and comparatively voluble during his preliminary investigations. One witness described him as a "mathematical genius."

OCTOBER.—The fire trial continued at Leipzig, but more vital events temporarily focused attention on Geneva. On October 14 Germany withdrew from the Disarmament Conference, and in a manifesto to the people the Chancellor declared that the Nazi delegates would also leave the League of Nations. The reason given for this Europe-shaking decision was that Germany was deeply humiliated by the deliberate refusal of arms equality, and could take no further part in negotiations when rated only as a second-class Power. To test the trend of public opinion a General "Election" was announced for November 12. Keen observers of the situation regarded this as nothing more than an attempt to provide the Nazi Government with a much-needed vote of confidence which, on an issue of national honour, none would dare disregard. The election would also be calculated to rid the Reichstag of all relics of the party system.

THE OPENING OF THE REICHSTAG FIRE TRIAL: Dr. Buenger (seated in centre), the Presiding Judge, questioning Police Lieutenant Lateit (in uniform) who was one of the first to enter the burning building. On the right is a map of the Reichstag

THE ACCUSED RETURNS TO THE SCENE OF HIS ALLEGED CRIME: Van der Lubbe, walking with head bent and more in the manner of an imbecile than a daring criminal, being taken to the Reichstag to witness a reconstruction of the events which led up to the burning of the Reichstag

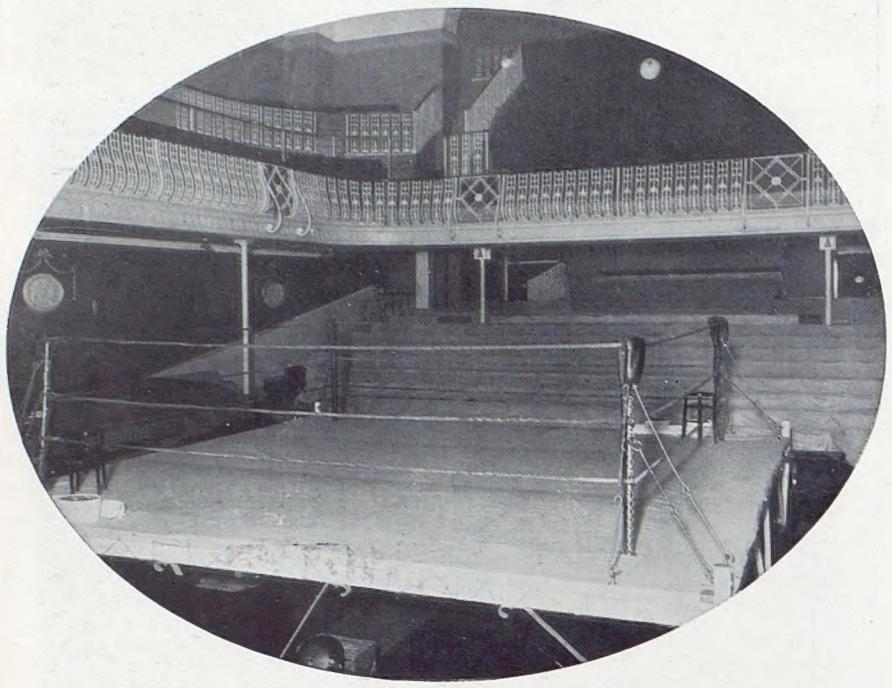


THE LAW IN FORCE: A general view of the crowded assembly of police officers and men which gathered last week to hear Dr. Kerrl, the Prussian Minister of Justice, outline his new programme

BRITISH BOXING STAGES A "COME-BACK"

A Permanent Home for the National Sporting Club which will do much to Restore the Sport to its Old Status and Assist in Freeing it from its Present Difficulties

By W. HOLT WHITE



THE HOME OF BOXING FOR MORE THAN THIRTY YEARS: The historic arena of the old National Sporting Club in Covent Garden. No boxer fought there before an audience which was not rigidly garbed in evening dress—a factor which did much to remind the contestants of the club's traditions and requirements

Will the present state of British boxing—which is undeniably bad—go from bad to worse? Or will those who are rallying to the banner of Lord Lonsdale be able to stage a great "come-back" for boxing which, "according to plan," is due in about eighteen months' time? That something must be done for the prestige of this country is obvious. Out of eight world championships we now hold one, as against the six which were once ours.

Before this appears in print a meeting called by Lord Lonsdale at his private residence at Carlton House Terrace will have decided whether the British Boxing Board of Control will continue to defy the lightning of its critics, who mostly consist of promoters. It is more than likely that they will. For, after all, what is all the bother about? At the Annual General Meeting there were fierce criticisms of the Secretary, and the members passed resolutions which, if the Board were to take them to heart, would result in the Board being at the mercy of the promoters. Alternatively, the Board would have to throw in its hand. But why should it throw in its hand? It was constituted for the purpose of holding the promoters in check. So it will probably stick to its guns. There is no reason why the British Boxing Board of Control should surrender its functions. If it did, there would still remain Lord Lonsdale, and there would still remain in the background that puissant but at present homeless power, the National Sporting Club.

That institution which made England the great Court of Appeal on all matters appertaining to boxing suffered a heavy blow when its famous secretary, Mr. "Peggy" Bettinson, died seven years ago; and British boxing began steadily to decline in repute and success from the time that the old Club sold its premises in Covent Garden. Since then British boxing has been without a recognized home and become the financial prey of promoters, some of them with a sense of decency and some, it is to be feared, without.

There has been lacking of late that subtle influence of the Club over which Lord Lonsdale has presided for forty-two years. It is not, perhaps, sufficiently recognized how great his work for boxing has been. Still, there is hope. In eighteen months' time the Club will find a new home in St. James's Square. Of that Club, it is hoped, Lord Lonsdale will still be president. Mr. Lionel Bettinson, son of the immortal "Peggy," will be Managing Director, and with him there will be, among others, Captain Michael Isaacs and Commander Leake, of Zeebrugge fame, who is still young and to whom the interests of boxing are a passion.

For to the National Sporting Club and to Lord Lonsdale, who is still its President though he is also the President of the British Boxing Board of Control, British boxing practically owes everything. Forty-two years ago boxing wasn't a particularly pretty business. The men may have fought like heroes, but the general conditions were sordid. The Club altered all that. It lifted boxing out of the atmosphere of sawdust and gas jets and brought the gamest lads that England could provide to fight in the theatre of a club which, though democratic in membership, was ruled by a cold, clean, aristocratic spirit.

No boxer fought there before an audience which was not rigidly garbed in evening dress. And so in spirit the boxers lived up to the Club's traditions and requirements. If they fought there they had to fight as gentlemen under the ruling of gentlemen. There could be no foul or underhand or dishonest dealings at the National Sporting Club. That is why it was loved and trusted by boxers the world over. It had no chartered authority, but its law in boxing matters ran wherever men put on the gloves. No matter what the point or where it arose, it was automatically referred to the Club.

Then trouble came. It began even before the War. Promoters in America discovered that boxing meant "Big Business." Not sport, but Big Business. Even in London there were big "promotions." Prizes which left the National Sporting Club aghast were fought for at Olympia and elsewhere. Everything, of course, in this world must change. The new era in boxing was ushered in by the War. Yes, the War can be blamed for the present nasty state of boxing as it can be blamed for so many other things. At the outset the change was all to the good. Boxers were naturally swept into the Services. The War went on and so did boxing under Service conditions. The practice of boxing grew to amazing proportions. By the end of the War the Army and Navy Boxing Association had become an immense institution. Then peace and, perhaps because the War had bred a belligerent spirit in millions of men, boxing spread like an epidemic over Europe. We had known American champions and lost many championships to America. It was Carpentier who blazed the trail in Europe, and we were confronted with challengers in Germany, Italy, South America, and Heaven knows where. And the National Sporting Club, outmatched in its fight with unscrupulous foreign promoters, was no longer the "Jockey Club" of boxing.

Something had to be done, and done fairly quickly if the national character of boxing was to be saved. The British Boxing Board of Control therefore came into being within, as it were, the National Sporting Club. But in 1929, because the National Sporting Club had no longer a home and was unfortunately not the power that it once was, the British Boxing Board of Control was established on new lines. Its President is still the Earl of Lonsdale, and its Vice-President, Lord Tweedmouth. Among its stewards are Colonel R. E. Myddelton, the Earl of Chesterfield, Sir William Bass, Sir Humphrey de Trafford, and Sir Henry Curtis Bennett, K.C. I take these names at random from among others equally distinguished. But is it likely that men such as these will surrender to those to whom business is more than sport?

The duty of these men, according to the Board's constitution, is to control and regulate professional boxing in the United Kingdom, and to act as a "Board of Appeal." They exist, further, to encourage professional boxing, to arrange international agreements, and to promote the interests of British professional boxers in world championships. For the purposes of control the country is divided into sections. In these territories licences are granted to promoters and organizers of professional boxing.

It is in different territories that the present trouble began. Some promoters are honest fellows enough, but in a general way boxing has been in bad shape for a long time. There can be no doubt that over and over again the public has paid large sums of money to see "faked" fights. There is a feeling of insecurity as to what one is going to see. Publicity booms "put over" the most ridiculous and farcical contests. Even that arch-pacifist, Mr. G. Bernard Shaw, declared the other day that he was induced to part with his money to witness a series of contests in which the men didn't even know "how to put up their hands properly." It is obvious, therefore, that what boxing wants is not less control, but more of it. Yet some promoters, kicking at what they call the Board's "undemocratic" attitude, are threatening to break away and conduct promotions at their own sweet will. In that case the last state of British boxing will be worse than the first. But then, so for that matter, may be the case of unlicensed promoters, for boxing is—in the prize-fighting sense—still an illegal business in this country. If the members of the Board were to resign, they would simply be handing over the whole business to utter chaos.

The present members of the Board are not the sort of people to be rattled by mob clamour. On the other hand, there is no doubt that they look forward to the re-establishment in concrete form of the National Sporting Club, out of which they sprang, and with which they have always worked in perfect harmony. British boxing may then come into its own again. It will, as a club, have premises second to none. It will in many ways be entirely modern, but the same old rules as to dress and deportment will obtain. It will have upwards of fifty bedrooms for members, and its swimming bath on the roof will be one of the finest in London. The boxing theatre will be a place of dignity; but, above all, it banks on its gymnasium.

There, too, the British Boxing Board of Control should find not merely a spiritual but a geographical home. It will be a place towards which even the greatest of boxers will turn their eyes with respect.

When the right men have a proper chance, when the National Sporting Club is once again the "Jockey Club" of boxing, the British fighting man will arise as game and as clean and as triumphant as ever he was from the morass into which an orgy of promotionism has flung him. The spirit of boxing which for so long stood as the spirit of Englishmen round the world is to be born again in St. James's Square.

THE NATIONAL SPORTING CLUB: An interior view of the old premises in Covent Garden

ON THE AUTUMN SEA

OFF TO THE FISHING GROUNDS: Brixham trawlers doing at least 7 knots in full sail as they race out into the Channel. These boats carry no motors

OPENING OF THE WHITEBAIT SEASON: Fishermen in the Thames Estuary hauling in a big catch off Canvey Island. Note the specially fine mesh of the nets used for this work

HEELING TO THE WIND

The *Coquette* taking part in a recent long-distance race at Burnham

The cutter *Frolic* shows her paces in the Thames Estuary. She belongs to Messrs. J. S. and N. A. Bacon

UNDER FULL CANVAS

THE FOUR FALLS OF GERSOPPA: Left to right—The Raja, The Roarer, The Rocket, and Dame Blanche

WHERE THE SHARAVATI RIVER plunges over an 830-ft. chasm to create one of the finest waterfalls in the world. Just now, between October and November the sight is particularly impressive as the river is swollen with the monsoon rains

ABOVE THE FALLS: The Sharavati flowing through the Western Ghâts a short distance from the falls of Gersoppa. It reaches the sea at Honavar, in North Kanara

THE FALLS OF GERSOPPA

A Little-known Wonder of Western Mysore

Waterfalls, especially when they possess a great reputation, are frequently disappointing when seen for the first time. The Falls of Gersoppa, however, in Western Mysore, where the Sharavati River plunges over a precipice nearly 900 ft. deep, provide a notable exception. They are a magnificent sight in October and November when the river is swollen with the monsoon rains.

The surrounding countryside is hilly and full of game, and the deep gorge through which the river passes below the falls recalls the splendid valley of the Chenab in Kashmir.

Many years ago, two officers of the Indian Marine plumbed the depth of the chasm by throwing a light bridge from the Raja Rock to a tree—no longer existing—above the Roarer. Suspended thus in mid-air above the chasm, they found the height of the fall, and later on, after damming up the Roarer, they clambered down to the shoulder whence the Roarer plunges out to join the Grand Fall. It is true that this courageous feat was performed in March when the falls are little more than a trickle, but a first-class head must have been needed. In April the Raja dries up altogether.

Climbing down the Mysore side by a very steep rocky path it is possible to reach the whirlpool below the falls. The spray here, however, is so blinding that two minutes are enough to soak one to the skin.

The falls at Gersoppa are without doubt among the finest sights in India, and one of the least known to the ordinary traveller.

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PROVINCIAL NEWS

Floods and Drought in the West

MAKING THEM RAILWAY-CONSCIOUS: Some of the 250 boys of the Royal Grammar School, Newcastle-on-Tyne, who visited the model exhibition staged by the London and North Eastern Railway at Manors North Station. They are being shown how to operate an electric signal

THE BROWNSEA ISLAND CASE: Mrs. Bonham Christie and Mr. John Christie *(left)*, who were implicated with Miss Bertha Olsen *(right)* in charges brought by Miss Audrey Batt, who is seen in the centre picture with her father. It was alleged that when Miss Batt was looking for bait on the foreshore of Brownsea Island (Dorset), John Christie and Miss Olsen approached in a motor boat and took her craft in tow. A struggle ensued and Miss Olsen, who was described as a trained physical expert, is stated to have thrown Miss Batt into the water. Mrs. Christie, who bought Brownsea Island some years ago, has kept it as a sanctuary for birds and animals

THE WATER BABY: The first autumn gales swept through South Wales last week and resulted in the flooding of several villages in the Swansea district. This baby is seen being handed out from one of the marooned houses

THE LONG-DRAWN-OUT DROUGHT: When this picture was taken there had been only two days' rain since June in the Birmingham Corporation's Lake reservoirs at Rhayader, Mid-Wales. This lake is left with only a small stream running down the centre

IN THE WATERLESS WEST: The scene beneath Bickley Bridge, North Devon, where the River Exe has almost dried up as a result of the meagre summer rainfall. An island of stones has emerged in what is usually mid-stream.

THE INDIA THAT I SAW IN '33

Lieut.-General Sir George McMunn, K.C.B., who has just been giving Evidence before the Select Committee on the White Paper, here Records his Impressions of an Extensive Tour through India during the Present Year

SIR GEORGE VISITED DELHI and dined at the Viceroy's table, where he met many of the more modern Indian gentry and their wives

It has been my privilege in this year of grace 1933 to revisit India after an absence of nine years, but forty-five years after my first arrival. I went for two purposes. Firstly, because in my capacity as Representative Colonel Commandant of the Royal Artillery I wished to visit the brigades and batteries of my regiment that were stationed in India; and secondly, because I wanted to see for myself whether India was so changed out of all recognition that only those hot from the oven of discord had any sort of idea of what conditions really were.

So I landed, fully equipped, towards the end of January; a revolver, which my friends said I must have by my side day and night, a red shirt, and a Gandhi cap in case of accidents. And full of expectation I arrived by that admirable institution in these competitive empty-purse days, the "one class" ship, with the modern P. & O. all smiles. Bombay Harbour in the early morning, the hour when all good ships arrive, had still the same pearl-grey beauty with the growing sun-tints on roof and dome, the tints that no Congress can impound. And, indeed, it was the same old Bombay of Catherine of Braganza. There stands still the old Portuguese castle which no one goes to see, with the arms of Portugal over the gateway. If I were Britain's family solicitor I would inquire very closely into the real ownership of this Charles II dowry as not being part of the mainland or part of any Government's property to throw away. Bombay, as all Far Eastern travellers know, is situated on the Island of Bombay, and beyond it before we reach the mainland is the Island of Salsette with Portuguese fortlets aguarding the crossings. It is very doubtful, if records be searched, whether Bombay is more than lent to India while administered by the Crown. There's a pretty hare to set arunning!

Why, so that nothing shall be changed there is my old servant, Anthony, on the quay side agrinning and atrociously fat. He tells me he is now so busy as factotum at the Yacht Club that after setting me on my feet he will send a nephew, whom he has had in pickle, to see me safely round India. Nephew George grins rather sheepishly, but I soon found that he knew his job, even to dealing with a general's and an artillery uniform simultaneously.

"Need I wear my Gandhi cap?" I asked. Everyone smiled. "Oh, no, we never mention him now." "Why is that?" "Ah, well, a long story. You see the people put trade depression down to him, and non-co-operation, and while Bombay was running after him his caste fellows, the bunniahs of Ahmedabad, were building cotton mills with the latest British machinery and getting all the trade. But they are all in the soup now. Anyway, if you want to be well received here," this confidentially, "I should not mention his name or say you know him."

Outwardly there was nothing new in Bombay save the motor car traffic. The beautiful Parsee ladies now drive in expensive cars instead of pair-horse victorias; that seemed all, and the tram-horse with the sun-helmet had gone. Indian policemen looked a little weary of traffic control. I heard of one who, having got it into a seething mess, with all the world hooting at him, solemnly disrobed *coram publico*, folding his tunic and trousers neatly, put his belt and truncheon with his puggaree on top, salaamed to the hooting crowd and . . . disappeared! The crowd was as of old. Parsees in tin hats, down-country Moslems in tarbush, Pathans from the frontier jostling all and sundry, having been brought to unload ships, to the dismay of local folk, nasty rough customers—caring naught for Mr. Gandhi even in the best or worst of times.

But, of course, Bombay is not India. Let us get up into the Deccan where the real politician yells blue murder, and so off to Poona, the heart of Mahratta-land, where they speak a soft and beautiful prakrit. First to Kirkee, four miles away, where the good artillery live and where I joined five-and-forty years before. Not much change here, not even a tile on a bungalow roof, and old servants you had known when all was young came to see you and show you your own name on faded chits, and produce grandsons, and tell you that all was well and that there was no trouble. Thence to Poona, the city of the Peishwas, where they cherish the memory of Baji Rao, whose thousands of horses' hooves beat the plain o' nights. I was lucky there in going to a political meeting, for a Round-Tabler, surrounded by 2,000 students on bicycles, choice young men and goodly, and there I saw him swallow, as politicians will, all he had said before, and specially all he had said at St. James's and was at pains to explain how the Viceroy's prerogatives—which he deplored—were quite powerless as he would have no machinery to give effect to them.

Then I started south in a train which was more than luxurious bar the dust, and made it my business to walk down the long carriages and talk to the folk in the trains, and they were chewing sugar cane and what not, and affable enough and full of information. "Oh, yes, crops were good, for Government had lately made a great lake in the hills, and water was plentiful. Yes, prices were poor, bellies were full and pockets empty. Delhi! Ah, that was a long way off, somewhere in the north and they did not think much of it in the Deccan. *Ram Ram Sahib! Ram Ram*," and the great whistle went and the bell clanged, and a monkey raided the fruit man's basket. I won't tell more of the way to Bangalore and even to the Blue Mountains, save that it seemed a more agreeable country and a pleasanter folk than ever.

In the southern cantonments and cities all seemed as of old, so I turned to the north for Delhi amid the seats of the mighty, dining at the Viceroy's table and meeting at his house plenty of the more modern Indian gentry and, what was better, their beautiful wives who have left *purdah* and added to the pleasure of our lives thereby. "Gandhi? Oh, do keep him locked up," and now and again one sensed the keen detective behind the arras, lest hysterical murder-cult students be on the loose . . . and for the rest all well.

Up to the frontier, to see a war on, a massing of troops to prevent our young men of the tribal tracts crossing the frontier to take part in a rebellion in Afghanistan. Plenty of troops and motors and wireless, the jingle of the gun mules, the rattle of the cavalry sabres, and the masses of the good-marching infantry better than ever, jeering at the attempts of the seditionists to persuade them that the Sirkar was impious or the British satanic. And then I came south again by Lahore to see some business friends as well as soldiery, and talk once again with the folk of the Canal Colonies, and listen to the pleasant drawl of the Punjabi, the *oundha* and the long balanced *jaa aala*, like coming back to one's native land. "Bellies full and pockets empty" was here the cry as well as in the south. "Did the *sahib* know when prices would rise, when they could sell wheat and barley to Europe again? Oh! that Gandhi and *Kangress*, what a mess they have got everyone into!"

And then on to Umballa to give a message from the King to 1,200 veteran artillerymen of the north, there holding reunion. Staunch, be-medalled old tykes every one, dignified yeoman peasantry. Two, indeed, had been with Lord Roberts from Kabul to Kandahar, and refuse to let old dustman Death order "Pile your arms!" And what do you think was the message I was to give the King? Why . . . "Tell him that if he wants us to clear out that talking-shop at Delhi we will do it in a week."

And so I sailed once more out of Bombay Harbour, having visited almost every cantonment in India and many of the big cities, and I could but feel that India was the same old India we used to know. "Ah!" but my friends said, especially those who told me of the frontier, "You see, this Viceroy won't have it, but the people get stirred up so easily if you allow it." And perhaps that is the whole story: the country wants little but the sun and rain in due season. The stuff that does not matter on Tower Hill and Tyburn strikes hysterical hearts at Calcutta and Delhi. It was Warren Hastings who said that India would be lost, like the North American Colonies, on the floor of the House of Commons.

SIR GEORGE FOUND FEW CHANGES IN BOMBAY—only that the beautiful Parsee ladies rode in modern motor cars instead of horse-drawn carriages

IN the LIMELIGHT

SIR ARTHUR STEEL-MAITLAND, M.P., seen on the *Empress of Britain* before leaving for New York. He has been invited by the Rockefeller Foundation to examine the measures for national recovery now being put into practice in the United States

THIS DEBTS QUESTION: Sir Frederick Leith Ross, Chief Economic Adviser to the British Government, Sir Ronald Lindsay, British Ambassador to Washington, and Mr. T. K. Bewley, Special Financial Attaché to the British Embassy, arriving in New York aboard the *Majestic*. They are negotiating with the President on the subject of the War Debt which according to an American captionist is 9,658,695,000 dollars

CAPTIVES FOR 163 DAYS: The three British ship's officers, Messrs. C. Johnson, W. E. Hargrave, and A. D. Blie, who were made prisoners some months ago by Chinese bandits, who boarded their steamer, the *Newchwang*, off the coast of Manchukuo. At the time of their capture the men were engaged in a game of mah jong

THE KING AND QUEEN LEAVE FOR SANDRINGHAM: A striking picture taken through the window of the Royal car

TO BE HEAD OF ST. PETER'S COLLEGE, ADELAIDE: Mr. A. G. G. C. Pentreath, Master of the King's Scholars at Westminster, who leaves to take up his new appointment in January

ANOTHER TREASURE HUNT IN THE COCOS ISLANDS: Captain A. Max-Stanton at the wheel of the motor schooner *Avance* in which he is sailing from Pembroke Dock with an expedition of ex-public schoolboys in search of pirate gold in the Cocos group

MR. JAMES GREY WEST, O.B.E., who has been appointed chief architect to the Office of Works in succession to Sir Richard Allison

ERIC BALES receiving congratulations from his headmaster on being awarded the gold medal presented by the King to the most proficient scholar of the year at King Edward VII Grammar School, King's Lynn

DEEP-LEVEL GOLD MINING

Modern Methods of Ore Extraction Illustrated

PREPARATIONS FOR BLASTING IN A JOHANNESBURG MINE: Natives and skilled white workers engaged in machine drilling on the reef. Since 1917, when the jack-hammer drill came into more general use, a considerable decrease has been recorded in working costs which has done much to maintain the profit-making capacity of the South African gold mining industry. Note, in the above picture, the combined use of concrete and timber for supporting the roof

THE RAND'S UNIQUE POWER SUPPLY SYSTEM: This picture shows (on right) a mechanical shaker being operated by compressed air. This is supplied in bulk both for this purpose and for rock drilling by the Victoria Falls and Transvaal Power Company, Ltd., who deliver it by means of 32 miles of air pipes from their plants at Rosherville and Robinson Central Deep. The delivery pressure is 110 lb. per square inch

DEVELOPING A SLOPING REEF: Miners fixing drilling apparatus under difficult conditions

The continued rise in the price of gold shares once again draws attention to the great mining reef of the Witwatersrand, which in less than half a century has grown into the main world centre of production. Since the discovery of the Banket Reef by the late Mr. Fred Struben, the industry has gone rapidly ahead and to-day the Transvaal can boast that it has given to the world over £1,000,000,000 worth of gold. The accompanying pictures illustrate underground work in several mines in the Johannesburg area. When it is realized that these operations are going on between 3,000 and 8,000 ft. below the surface, it can be

(Continued on next page)

ON THE RAND

ECONOMIC MINING: Developing a section of the reef by machine drill. This method, in addition to the saving it effects, has done much to maintain the percentage of skilled whites working in the mines

SUPERIMPOSED REEFS: An unusual picture from the East Rand. The reefs vary from less than an inch to 20 ft. in thickness

AT THE FOOT OF A MINE SHAFT: A general view showing the efficient lift apparatus employed for raising the ore to the surface. Many of these shafts reach to below sea level, and in 1928 it was estimated that the Village Deep was mining ore at 7,640 ft.—a world record

WEIGHING GOLD BARS IN THE RAND REFINERY AT GERMISTON: Since the erection of the mint at Pretoria this refinery, which is the largest in the world, has treated all bullion for use in coinage. It is expected that this year £65,000,000 worth of the metal will be cast into gold bars

TIPPING A TROLLEY LOAD OF ORE into one of the trams which will convey it to the main shaft

(*Continued from previous page*)

understood how difficult it is to extract gold on a paying basis. In spite of this however, the industry's present position is decidedly encouraging. The change from the fixed price of 85s. per ounce for gold to 120s. per ounce has laid open the possibility of claims being developed which before were economically unworkable. This extension of activity, however, depends upon three main factors: (1) Stabilization of the price of gold at somewhere near its present level. (2) The maintenance of economic working costs. (3) Freedom of the mines from crippling taxation. A special article on the gold standard and the prospective gold manipulation of the dollar appears on the

following page

THE ROOSEVELT EXPERIMENT

The Steady Flow of the Old Britain-Dominated Gold Standard Compared with the Commodity Dollar Experiment of the U.S. President

By LAUNCELOT LAWTON

Roosevelt has said explicitly and repeatedly that his purpose is twofold: first, to bring about a rise of prices, and then to diminish the purchasing power of American money by a certain undisclosed percentage, so that debtors on the average shall be enabled to repay with dollars of approximately the same value as those which they borrowed; secondly, to take measures for maintaining prices at the higher level attained; in other words, to establish a dollar the power of which to purchase commodities shall not vary for a long while.

Among economists the President has both strong supporters and strong critics. The supporters say that it is quite possible in present conditions to stabilize the monetary unit. The critics, on the other hand, assert that any attempt to do so will involve the substitution of widespread State control for the existing system of voluntarily regulated competition, and even then the object in view will not be achieved. Before the War it was a commonly accepted fact that the adherence of the nations to the gold standard ensured constancy of foreign exchanges within narrow limits and reasonable stability of international prices as measured by known indices of wholesale prices. Gold standard, it should be explained, was a primitive designation for a mechanism which was elaborate. Gold coin formed a very small part of the currency or circulating media which consisted chiefly of cheques drawable against deposits. Against these deposits the banks held cash ratios of about 10 per cent. Whenever there was an efflux or influx of gold it was an indication that national prices were out of harmony with world prices. Efflux was the consequence of need to meet a deficiency in the balance of payment; in other words, it covered any difficulty that existed between the values of a country's imports and exports, visible and invisible.

On such occasions, if the gold reserves were depleted below a certain point, the bank rate was raised. This frequently had the effect of increasing the cost of bank credit; consequently purchasing power went into savings rather than into investment, and prices fell. Thereupon foreigners increased their buying and exports expanded. At the same time, gold was attracted back into the country by the possibility of earning higher interest. If the process went too far and gold inflowed so as to swell reserves above a certain point, the Central Bank lowered its rate and set in motion a sequence of events from those which I have described. Gold then flowed out for investment abroad. Such is a simplified description of the working of the gold standard before the War. The effects of the movements of the bank rate were not automatic. Much depended upon the choice of moment for their initiation; much also depended upon factors of a different order, as, for example, the utilization of other forms of credit than bank credit, the supply of and demand for commodities in particular and in general, and the speed at which money was turned over. Thus the operation of the gold standard was an art; but if the results on the whole were satisfactory it was due not merely to the intuition of the banker, but also to a constantly recurring juxtaposition of favourable circumstances. Before the War, thanks to this combination of human genius and good fortune, for long periods at a time, a monetary unit had an invariable and universal worth. Consequently, thrift was widely practised and gold was worshipped as never before.

After the War the gold standard did not work, and no amount of art or device could make it do so. It broke down because economic hostility kept the world in perpetual alarm and because the vast growth of productive forces gave rise to many problems of a monetary character which banking could not solve. Gold coins were withdrawn entirely from circulation; had this measure not been taken they would have been hoarded. Whereas before the Central Banks had to convert notes into gold, they were now obliged to convert them into bullion or into the notes of other countries on the gold standard. But gold was actually needed only for meeting deficiencies in a nation's balance of payment, and the amount of reserves required by the Central Bank depended mainly upon that fact. Thus, hardly noted by the world, gold lost much of its purpose; but its mystical power remained unimpaired and exercised over the mind and conduct of man a greater influence than ever. By law Central Banks were required to hold percentage reserves against notes consisting of gold or of notes of other countries on the gold standard; and, rather than lose gold, some of them exceeded these percentages. There was no real reason why money should have been tied to any commodity. But gold gave confidence and was not easily dethroned.

The new conditions necessitated that as far as possible credit should be managed so as to control, within reasonable limits, the level of prices; in other words, the purchasing power of circulating media. Banking had become more than ever an art. Had it been possible for it to avail itself of its opportunities, an era of human welfare would have come about. Owing to the state of the world, frustration was unavoidable.

The bulk of the world's gold went to France and America. It was attracted thither because they had claims on other countries which caused deficiencies in their balances of payments. These claims were for the most part abnormal in character, consisting chiefly of war debts and reparation dues. The gold received by them was entombed in the deep vaults of the Central Banks, and most of it remained there. It is frequently said that if this gold had been liberally re-lent abroad; if, in other words, the "rules" of the pre-War gold standard had been followed, there would have been no crisis.

The issue thus raised is extremely controversial and many-sided. It is only possible to refer to it very briefly here. Neither America nor France had been accustomed to lend abroad on the scale which Great Britain had done before the War. After the War neither had the organization nor the mentality requisite for making enormous foreign investments. The unsettled state of Europe did not diminish their disinclination to embark upon a new kind of enterprise. They feared that their money might be wasted upon rearmaments or otherwise misused. At one time America did make considerable loans to Central Europe, but the greater part of the proceeds were dissipated. Her chief sin was not so much reluctance to lend as her refusal to allow her claims to be settled with goods, a refusal which was rigorously enforced by the imposition of high tariffs. Other nations, too, were driven to restrict imports so as to ensure favourable balances of trade. All these circumstances, taken in conjunction with the continuous flight of capital from one country to another in search of safety in speculative profit, created a condition in which the functioning of the gold standard was impossible.

Let us now turn to the monetary policy of the future. It has been said that President Roosevelt's expressed intention is to bring about a rise in the level of prices by a certain percentage and to establish a dollar the purchasing power of which over commodities shall remain fairly constant. The value of a unit of money, as for example a dollar, is what it will buy. If a large number of prices rise at one time it signifies that the power of the monetary unit to buy has contracted; if on the other hand a large number of prices fall at one time, it signifies that the power of the monetary unit to buy has expanded.

Rising and falling prices do much harm; they play havoc with the value of money. Capriciously, they take wealth from one and give it to another, often the thrifty suffer and the extravagant gain. When prices are rising business men amass high profit, frequently with but little effort, until such time as enterprise is over-developed when many of them lose as much, if not more, than they had made. Workers suffer from the fact that wages rarely if ever rise to the same extent as prices. Lastly, those to whom fixed sums become due receive less purchasing power than they had bargained for. An instance may be cited: between 1896 and 1920 prices were rising in America. In the first-named year a man placed 100 dollars in the savings bank; in 1920 he drew out, including compound interest, 256 dollars which were worth no more than 77 of the dollars which he had originally deposited.

Falling prices have reverse effects. Wages drop more slowly than prices. Profit, business, and employment decline. Hoarding takes place, credit deposits lie idle in the bank. Those in receipt of fixed incomes can buy more with the money which they receive, but they are in constant fear of losing their incomes. Lastly, debtors of all kinds are penalized because they cannot avoid transferring to creditors more purchasing power than they originally contracted for. In America a farmer who incurred a debt in 1929 had in 1933 to pay more than twice as much in produce as the original debt was worth.

In 1929 the total internal debt of America was calculated at 200 billion dollars. By 1933 it had been nominally reduced to 160 billion dollars; actually in terms of 1929 dollars it had risen to 280 billion dollars. Thus in spite of the fact that America possessed vast reserves of gold it was considered that she had no other alternative, if great calamity was to be avoided, than to abandon the gold standard and proceed to raise prices and so lower the excessive value of the dollar, and with it the burden of debt, by the process which now bears the fashionable name of reflation. It has been said in some quarters that the President has in mind "a commodity dollar" having no necessary link with gold, but based upon an index number of commodities the supply and production of which are subjected to regulation. It has also been said that he intends before long to revert to the gold standard. Reversion to the gold standard would mean that the weight of gold which a dollar note represented would be legally prescribed; by this very fact the price of gold would be determined. The weight of the new dollar would, of course, be less than that of the old dollar which existed before America abandoned the gold standard, how much less is problematical; 50 per cent. has been mentioned as the limit of possible devaluation (or reflation).

It is assumed that if America returned to the gold standard England and other countries would follow her example and devaluate their monetary units by appropriate percentages, and that there might then be hope for a while of tolerable constancy of exchanges and international prices. But we have seen that even before the War lawful determination of the price of gold could not determine the value of gold. Gold was unique amongst commodities in that its price was fixed in terms of itself, but its value, like that of any other commodity, was subjected to supply and demand. Since variations in the value of gold could not cause variations in the price of gold, they caused variations in the prices of commodities purchaseable by gold.

If then America returns to the gold standard what measures will be taken to promote stability of prices? Banking certainly will become the art of arts; but the intuition of the banker will have as its background a vast amount of knowledge as to the economic situation of the country. An elaborate technique will be devised for the management of credit. It must be remembered that nine-tenths of

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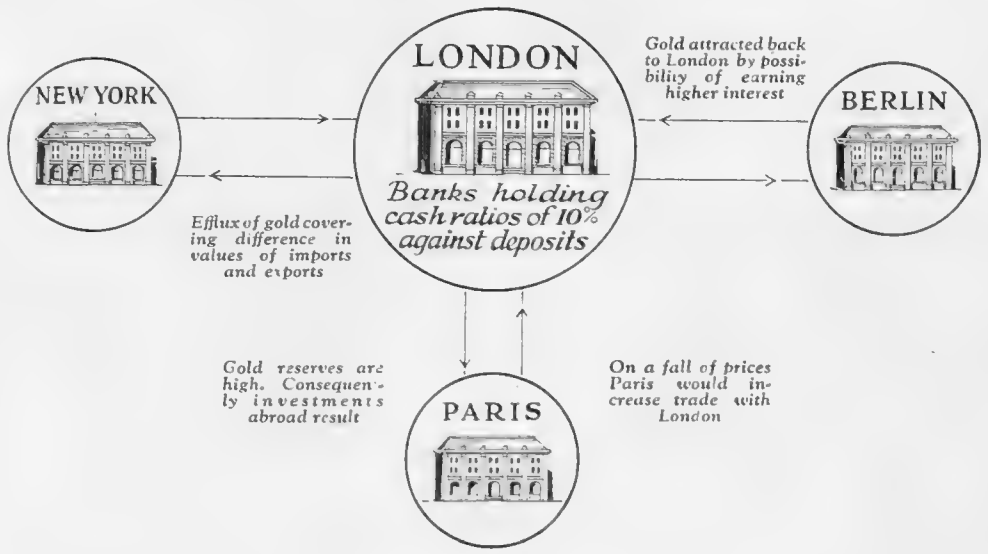


How the old pre-War gold standard system produced a flow of gold and credit from one great trading country to another

CIVIC and OTHER OCCASIONS

THE ELECTION OF A NEW CITY OF LONDON SHERIFF: Beadles standing at their wicket gates in order to check in the members of their respective companies. The Lord Mayor presided over one of the largest Common Halls of recent times and Sir George Broadbridge (Alderman and Loriner) was unanimously elected to fill the vacancy caused by the retirement of Mr. I. N. Jacobs

IN HIS ROBES OF OFFICE: Alderman Sir George Broadbridge seen at the Guildhall with Alderman Joseph after his election as the new City Sheriff

SIR GEORGE BROADBRIDGE signing the Oath of Allegiance, in the presence of the Lord Mayor, after his election as City Sheriff. Considerable excitement was caused by the last-minute nomination of Mr. A. L. Bateman, M.P. When his name was put forward as a candidate, the Livery received it with shouts of "Never, never." An immediate poll was demanded, but Mr. Bateman decided to withdraw in order to allow Sir George Broadbridge to go through unopposed

SCOTLAND'S PREMIER MARQUESS: The Marquess of Huntly takes a stroll in town with his adopted daughters, Isobel and Margery Meuser

THE CHANGING OF THE GUARD: The Life Guards preparing to leave Knightsbridge Barracks for Windsor, where they are taking over from the Royal Horse Guards, who in turn are replacing them in London. The two regiments passed each other on the Great West Road

IN A BERMONDSEY WAREHOUSE: Sorting crocodile skins for making-up into women's shoes, handbags, etc. There is a heavy demand for such articles these days

DUELLING IN PRE-WAR DAYS: A sword contest in a fighting club with seconds and doctors in attendance. This picture is reproduced from a painting by Otto von der Wehl, and originally appeared in "The Sphere" in 1912

THE GERMAN STUDENTS' SCARLET BATH

Hitler Re-legalizes the Duel and Young Nazis Once Again Test Their Manhood and Deface Their Features

BY FERDINAND TUOHY

This autumn semester marks the real return to the German student duel. Hitler re-legalized duelling forthwith as hardening and battle-preparing; and when each of Germany's universities passed under a Nazi student dictator in all matters of conduct, morals, and ethics, no time at all was lost in setting things in train for the resumption of the blood sessions, yet seniors who meant to be "active" had largely to be trained, to say nothing of the Fuchs or freshman. All last spring and summer the gory work went on; and now the blood is about to flow—not flow, spurt, gush. Perfectly true that during the verboten period running from Weimar to the Third Reich, fourteen years, duelling never succumbed, yet it was only practised fitfully and under the rose, and, it might be added, extremely expensively. For instance, when the State of Baden became quite firm about no more encounters at the famous Hirschgasse biergarten at Heidelberg (this was round 1925), the sanguinaryschaft had to betake itself a dozen miles up the Neckar into neighbouring and winking Hesse. Not many could afford that sort of thing in post-War Germany, not to mention the high figure demanded for forbidden material, for trainers, as hush money. In Berlin the police descended regularly and collared all the equipment, and that meant buying it each time all over again. You may say the Menzur has been dormant in Germany, save for a handful of aristocratic diehards, for nearly twenty years—because the War years also compressed activities.

But now the blood-bath is fairly to swirl again under the impetus of statesmen who stake on scarlet. By every token the Menzur is about to flourish as never in the past. The Studentenschaft (new Nazi dictatorial board) intends that it shall be so. Whereas in bygone days only students "bitten" by the business would be bidden into the active fighting circle of a corps or brotherhood or association, ill suitably-physiqued youths are now to be "encouraged" into those hallowed universes. As for the ones genuinely "actively" inclined, obviously they are going to hack away like blazes: throw a rugger ball back at a school fifteen after keeping it from them for a month!

If a foreigner says he understands the German student duel he is probably lying. Anyway, foreigners are never again going to have the chance of understanding it since they've just been finally barred from attending, the Hitler crowd having ruled: "these people are incapable of appreciating this noble and German-drumming tradition—away with them!" The very last and ultimate Verkehrsgast has blanched and felt for the back of his chair in the shouting, reeling, stifling, clinical atmosphere of before breakfast. How ill one could feel . . . the mush of bloody sawdust on the floor. Maybe one might have stood it better *after* the War. . . .

At Bonn, long ago, I kept notes on the strength of hospitality from the *Normania* corps; and they may be useful now. One was at the age when one kept diaries, wrote in copy-books and things; start of *your* world. . . .

The first thing is to get clean out of one's mind anything French or polished or graceful or daring. I think you can call it not a duel at all, but a mutual hacking match at lightning speed. Hack, hack, hack. A perfect Menzur has over 300 hacks in its fifteen minutes. A slash every three seconds or so, a ceaseless whizz of steel. And it all comes down on the head. Or should. Only last May Gerald Ames gave us brilliant mimicry of it.

There are two main kinds of duel, and then two or three further derivatives. The sabre partie is the severest because it devolves only from an insult to the corps, etc. (nothing is ever personal in German duelling). In insult encounters contestants slash away vertically from the shoulder with curved swords. Save for a throat protector, metal goggles, and a padded fighting arm, the duellists are naked to below the chest. The stance is: right foot slightly forward, knees bent, head held high. And save for back and forth with the foot, the parties must maintain that stance throughout as sabres slash up and down at bewildering speed, almost as if the two striking limbs had been fitted with motors! The slightest move of the head *to dodge a blow* and a fighter is not only at once disqualified, but the rest of his university days are spent in dishonour—at least that is strictly the fact if the culprit be a looked-to senior. The essence of the German student duel, be it sabre or schläger, is not only that you must never dodge but stand up to every slash of your opponent; you must actually try and get hit, *but in the proper place*. Your defence is of the places where you must *not* show subsequent wounds.

Head gashes, administered with the edge sharply, are most sought for, equally clean cheek wounds coming second. Each successive stroke is an effort to slash your opponent's head and then bring the sword down the cheek to the chin. You don't want to chop your man out. On the contrary, the object is to make the duel last out its full quarter-of-an-hour, in which time your job is to deal out blows requiring the maximum stitching later.

Duels are in three rounds of five minutes each, but each round is split up into so many "Gänge," or clashes, seven or eight blows (I forget which) going to each "Gang." And the first round has twice as many Gänge as the third and last; the clashes diminish, longer pauses, as the duel progressively weakens the contestants. So that, roundly, two youths face up and strike seven or eight times. Momentary halt. Resume further seven or eight blows. Halt again. And so on. Between each Gang the second or Fuchs adjusts bandages, goggles, etc. The Fuchs is quite important. Right beside his fighter, he counts the chops and watches lynx-eyed for any transgression.

The above pretty well applies to all duels. But for the second principal variety, the Schläger Menzur, there's greater protection than for the insult duel. For the former, which constitute the basis of all university duelling, fighters stand erect and have straight blades, while only face and head are bare. Eyes are goggled and students may also wear leathern pieces over old scars that might

(Continued on p. 124)

WHEN DUELLING WAS BANNED: Heidelberg students who defied the law and continued to fight, as far as possible, in the traditional manner. Head gashes, cleanly administered, denote the work of the expert duellist. Cheek wounds rank second in importance

TERPSICHORE

BEHIND THE SCENES AT THE ALHAMBRA: Where the *Ballets Russes de Monte Carlo* was presented for a three weeks' season but, even after three months, does not appear to have outstayed its welcome. This picture shows the ballet in progress on the stage, with dancers waiting their turn in the wings. The season ends on November 4

YOUTHFUL ASPIRANTS: Juvenile dancers seen at a dress rehearsal for the "Lerneze" School's dancing matinée at Kingston Empire

Left—SEEN FROM THE WINGS AT SADLER'S WELLS: Members of the cast taking part in a rehearsal for the joint ballet season given by the Old Vic. and Sadler's Wells Theatres. Markova, the British dancer, is the principal ballerina

THE STAR OF "BALLERINA": Frances Doble strikes a graceful and characteristic pose in the new musical play at the Gaiety. Her dancing with Anton Dolin in "The Snowbird" affords a pleasing finale

A ROUGH PASSAGE THROUGH "THE ROARIN' FORTIES": A cargo vessel, with decks awash, plunges through mountainous winter seas. Another giant wave is seen about to descend on the ship

THE SEA CONQUERS: A dramatic picture of a cargo vessel taken a few minutes before she plunged to the bottom of the Atlantic

AS OF OCTOBER

HEAVY SEAS IN THE ATLANTIC: The liner, *George Washington*, battling her way through the northern swell. *Circle*—H.M.S. *Hood* "taking it over the quarter-deck" in the notorious, but not always rough, Bay of Biscay

A striking impression of speed from the bows of a modern destroyer. Even in calm weather the vessel's impact with the waves sweeps the water high in the air and leaves a mile-long trail of swirling foam in its wake

DOWN CHANNEL AT 35 KNOTS

THE WORK OF A NOTABLE PORTRAITIST

Some Striking Oil Paintings and Pastels by Mr. I. M. Cohen now on Exhibition at Walker's Galleries

"AVRIL"
By I. M. COHEN

A pastel study in feminine grace

"MRS. L. F. CALLINGHAM"

A striking three-quarter length portrait in oils

"ALAN AND DAVID"

Oil portrait of the sons of Mr. and Mrs. Leonard G. Montefiore

"THE HON. ROSEMARY VANE"

O

The art of Mr. I. M. Cohen, R.P., R.O.I., which forms the subject of a current exhibition at Walker's Galleries, reaches its highest level in his pastels and portraits of feminine types. Three of the four pictures reproduced above certainly bear ample testimony to this. Mr. Cohen was born in the gold town of Ballarat, Australia, and at a very early age showed marked signs of artistic ability. The young artist soon justified himself by winning the Victoria National Art Gallery's travelling scholarship and by holding a successful one-man show in Melbourne. Mr. Cohen then came over to Europe and enrolled as a student at Colarossi's atelier in Paris, and, after a period of training, decided to try and establish himself as a portrait painter in London. From then on success came rapidly, and it only needed his brilliant portrait of Mrs. Bassett Wilson, which he exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1924, to bring him into the front rank of contemporary artists. Since that time his recognition has become world-wide. He is a valued member of the Royal Institute of Oil Painters, the Royal Society of Portrait Painters, the Pastel Society, and the Society of Graphic Art, while he has a distinguished record of exhibits at the Royal Academy and the Salon des Artistes Français. Last year Mr. Cohen was awarded the Salon's gold medal for his portrait of Miss Lila Child.

O O

CANINE PERSONALITIES AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE

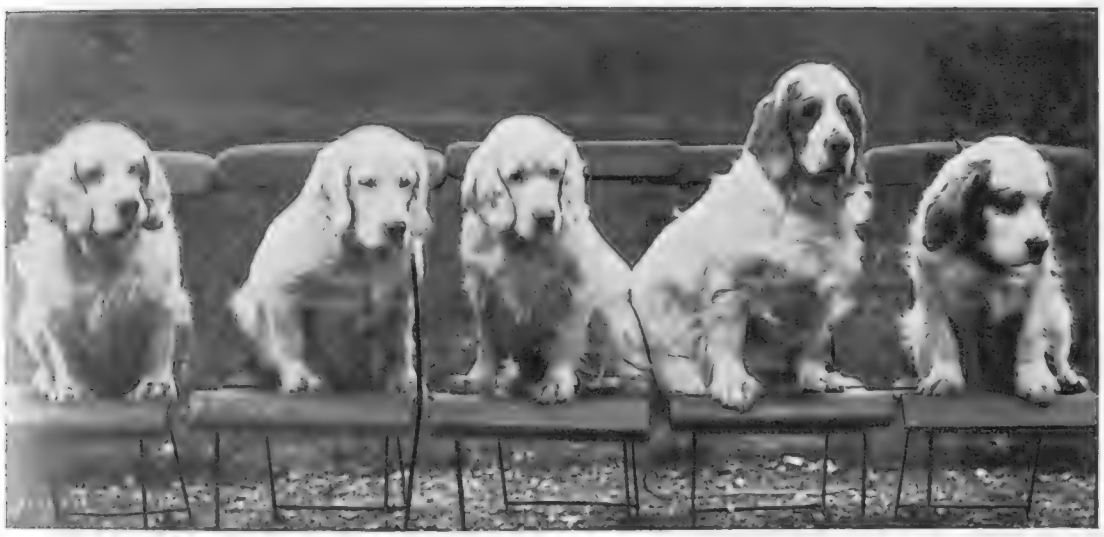
The Kennel Club's Seventy-second Show

THE BEST OF THE BREED

The Hon. Susan McDonnell's Darenth Jenibell—a prizewinner in the class for Dandie Dinmonts

NULLI SECUNDUS

Mr. J. R. Barlow's Crackley Surething — champion of the show



CHAIRING THE WINNERS

Mr. R. Cape's clumber spaniels with which he was successful in three classes

ONE UP

A competitor who looked down on his rivals

HIS WINTER OVERCOAT

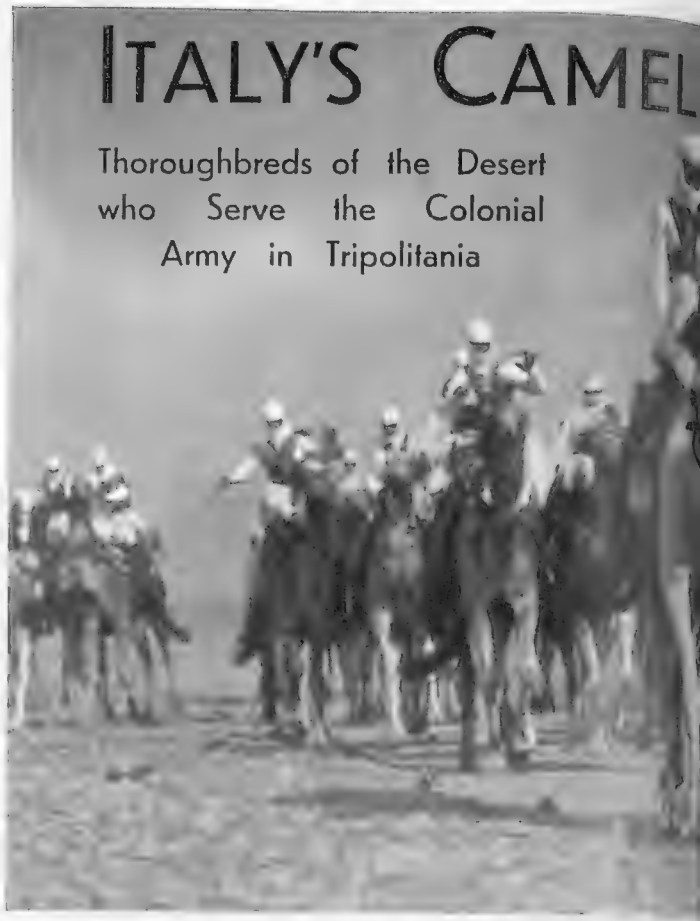
Champion Tinker of Glendinan dresses up for the show

MIXING WITH THE SASSENACHS

Teeside Larkspur, a West Highland white terrier champion, and Rowberrow Celandine, a puppy champion, pose in their best style

ITALY'S CAMEL

Thoroughbreds of the Desert who Serve the Colonial Army in Tripolitania

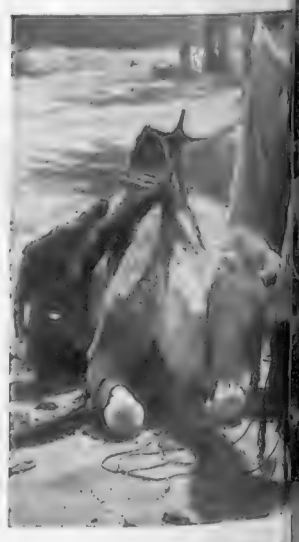


CAMEL CAVALRY TROTTING THROUGH THE DESERT: The Mehari cam
capable of more than ordinary endurance. Its daily work in the servi
broken country, but in spite of this it is able to accompl

AN ITALIAN LIEUTENANT, mounted on a thoroughbred Mehari camel, and riding barefoot, is seen at the head of his troops during a desert march. The animal he is riding is a particularly fine example of the breed and would probably be capable of covering about 20 kilometres in an hour. Note the aristocratic set of the head

A DATE WITH HIS MASTER: An old game between man and beast. The trooper has placed a date in his mouth which the camel, with his ears pricked in anticipation, is attempting to obtain. He knows he'll get it in the end

DESERT SNIPERS: Members of
A sergeant, or Lukbasch,
their camels are receivi



SADDLING UP: Meharis being
The saddles are made of
and, in Tuareg fashion, are artis

The accompanying pictures illustrate the outstanding usefulness of Mehari camels which are being employed by Italian officers and native troops for desert warfare in Tripolitania. It is certainly not by chance that the native riders are also called Meharis, for never can there have been a more binding connection than this between man and beast. Each

is noted for its graceful movements, and because of its breeding is of the Italian Camel Corps involves the crossing of stony and long desert journeys of between 100 and 160 kilometres

Meharl patrol in action. standing behind them while protection from the dune

nessed for the day's march. wood covered with leather ally adorned with a cross

is irrevocably dependent on the other. These animals are larger, bigger boned, and much more graceful than the ordinary variety, and possess a degree of intelligence which, times out of number, has been the means of saving their masters from death in the desert.

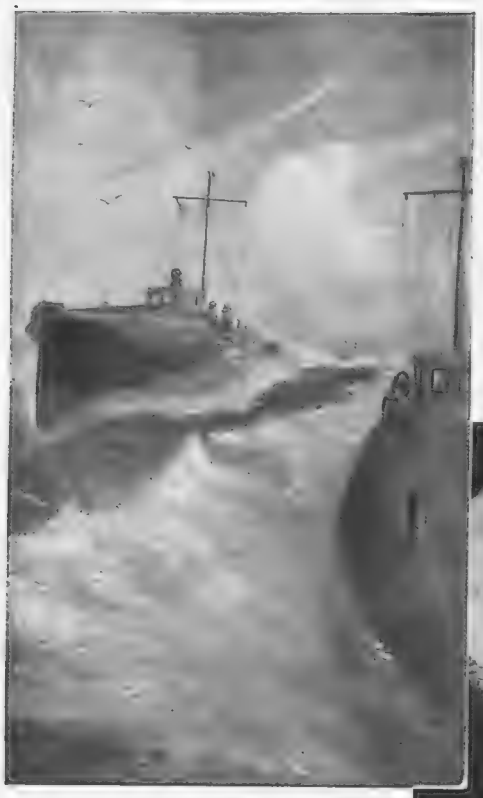
WHERE BEAST COMES FIRST: Men and animals often live closer together in the desert than men do with their fellow men in ordinary conditions. When the Meharis camp their first care is for their beasts, which must be fed before they can think of their own meals. The camel on the right is receiving a feed of barley. Both officer and man wait until the camel has fed

DOGS OF THE SANDY PLAIN: An Italian officer feeding his hunting dogs. They are extremely fast and well able to look after themselves in the desert

HIGH-SPEED SEAMANSHIP

The Importance of Motor Boats in Coastal Defence

BY CHARLES GRAVES



BRITAIN'S COASTAL PATROL: An impression of the fast motor craft employed during the War in watching the Home waters

Disarmament or armament? That is the vital question. Disarmament of our Navy is unthinkable at the present time. We have got to have a powerful Navy for both defensive and punitive purposes. It is the same with our Royal Air Force. That, however, is outside the scope of this article.

What one becomes primarily interested in, after a week-end at Portsmouth, is obviously enough the Navy. For some days recently a mock campaign was waged in home waters with a view to discovering the relative vulnerability of battleships to aircraft. It has been suggested that the vast sums spent on our capital ships are quite unnecessary. Maybe. There is no question, however, of the paramount importance of coastal motor boats—a type of craft which was being rapidly developed when the War came to an end, and which with equal speed has since lost favour in the eyes of the Admiralty.

At the end of the War we had a number of C.M.B.s which were forced through the water at the rate of 44 knots. This was sheer brute energy on the part of the engines which had to develop anything from 1,000 to 2,000 h.p. to achieve this speed. Nevertheless, they were extremely useful. Not that the public knew anything about them. They were more or less hush-hush; and even their raid on Kronstadt did not receive anything like the attention which they deserved. On this occasion they made their way into the bay and blew up a number of battleships. They were also used in Italian waters with great success, and nobody, presumably, is going to forget Zeebrugge and its mole.

It is a fact that there have been no coastal motor boats in the Navy since 1930 when the last six, built in 1919–1921, were scrapped. All that is left are a few designs for improved boats and the coastal motor boat station at Haslar, officially known as H.M.S. *Hornet*, which is used at the moment for any riff-raff. By contrast the French naval authorities ordered a group of ten coastal motor boats for service at the Channel bases. They are 22-ton vessels with a speed of 48 knots and an ability to carry two torpedoes. The last British C.M.B.s were 11-ton vessels with a speed of 38 knots and armed with four small guns and two depth charges or two torpedoes. In the replacement programme for the Royal Navy covering a term of five years, adopted in 1925, provision was made for four C.M.B.s, but two years later Lord Bridgeman announced that the Admiralty had decided to build two mine-sweepers instead. The British authorities had not realized, apparently, how useful half-a-dozen C.M.B.s, with a destroyer as parent ship, would be to any naval base such as Portsmouth. The destroyer would keep hostile submarines below the surface while the C.M.B.s would scurry about like water rats, dropping depth charges in a manner most repugnant to the opposition.

I have just crossed from the King's Stairs at Portsmouth to Ryde in about ten minutes. The motor boat was the replica of one of those thirty coastal motor boats built for the Royal Air Force by Mr. F. Scott Paine. Already they have more than paid for themselves in dashing out and rescuing machines which had come in the "drink" and would otherwise have sunk. This particular craft is only capable of 30 knots, but it would do much more if larger engines were installed. It can be steered with two fingers and can turn in its own length like a taxicab. At the present minute its creator is planning a motor boat which will do 60 knots. A fleet of these boats could be immensely destructive. High naval authorities with whom I have discussed the problem consider that Mr. Scott Paine is a little optimistic when he says that in fifteen years' time even battleships will be able to do 60 m.p.h. It is a fact, though, that while land warfare is being speeded up tremendously, insufficient attention has been paid to the speeding up of ships.

The point has already been raised in connection with the next naval programme, whether or not a new type of coastal motor boat should be included. If this is done—and the joy of the C.M.B. is that you can build fourteen or fifteen of them for the price of one destroyer—the importance of high-speed seamanship becomes at once manifest. Presumably there will have to be a special course for it as there is for gunnery or submarine work. You cannot expect a young N.O. to be able to learn all about a craft that can do 60 knots, let us say, in five minutes. Its tactical advantage, its potentialities for offence and defence, must all be carefully studied. Besides, it takes a lot of nerve to drive one of these things at full speed to within a few feet of an enemy ship or mole before doing your stuff and then roaring off again. One of the assets of the C.M.B. is its extremely shallow draft. It would slide over a mine and, even if it detonated it, its speed would have taken it out of danger. As for enemy gunfire—well, it would take some sharp shooting to hit one of these craft when travelling all out and cork-screwing to avoid trouble. If, moreover, the rudder could somehow be protected, it might be possible even to jump a boom unless the latter was distinctly high in the water. All this, however, is still in an embryonic stage. The best tactics for their employment have not yet been thought out. One thing is certain, the vast increase in knowledge acquired by Mr. Scott Paine and others about the design of these boats means that far less engine power has to be used, thus giving valuable extra space for torpedoes, light guns, and other weapons of war.

What is really wanted to-day is a coastal motor boat base to be equipped, in the first instance, with six vessels. It would involve a personnel of seven officers and about thirty men. It would be too much to expect that a larger beginning could be made, though in course of time it could be developed into a very important part of the Navy. At the present minute there is very little picket boat work being done. In the old days young N.O.s learnt all their tactics on picket boats, and very useful it was for them before going to destroyers. But then, as now, the picket boat could do only about twelve knots, and when I passed one in Portsmouth Harbour it was left standing.

The truth of the matter is that the Navy badly needs to improve its knowledge of high-speed seamanship. Nobody really knows anything about it. The acquisition of this knowledge would, of course, involve a good deal of risk and danger to the officers and men involved. One could be certain, unfortunately, that there would be accidents, serious and sometimes fatal. Yet consider the R.A.F. They are always experimenting in speed, and fatalities frequently occur. But the work goes on.

As things are at present, most officers of destroyers only pick up their knowledge of high-speed seamanship when they have joined their ship. Imagine what they could learn about tactics in a coastal motor boat doing 40 or 50 knots. Imagine what they could learn about station keeping if they spent a couple of hours outside Portsmouth Harbour at midnight roaring about without lights. They would certainly have to keep their eyes skinned. A destroyer would be child's play after that, and don't forget that even in the last War whole fleets put to sea without a light to guide them. In the next one, with the inevitable swarms of hostile aeroplanes overhead, high-speed seamanship will be more than ever a matter of life and death.

One knows that the Admiralty has to cut its cloth to suit its tailors' bills, but there seems no good reason why it should not order itself at least a waistcoat of coastal motor boats. They cost so little, they would teach so much, and they would be so extremely valuable in lightning raids on enemy ports and in defending our own.

At the present minute their only drawback is their possible lack of seaworthiness in heavy weather, but if you consider the fantastic advance already made in their speed during the past few years it seems perfectly possible that an equal advance could be made in other directions. Merely as an improvement on the present type of picket boat, which has not altered materially since 1903, they would be invaluable.

THE GUARDIAN OF COMMERCE: The captain of a high-speed patrol boat warns a camouflaged cargo vessel of the presence of a minefield. From a painting by Norman Wilkinson, R.I., originally reproduced in "The Sphere" during the War

THE HOME FLEET AT LANDING EXERCISES

SHORE TACTICS AT THE FLEET MANŒUVRES: A party of bluejackets from H.M.S. *Renown* and H.M.S. *Hood* returning to the water after routing "pirate forces" near Nigg, on the Ross-shire coast. The exercises were similar to those which might at any time be necessary on the China station. *Top, right*—Bluejackets charging with fixed bayonets during their battle with the "pirates"

A PIRATE VICTIM: The stretcher-party rushes a casualty to the dressing-station during the mimic battle on the Ross-shire coast. The patient's smiling demeanour somewhat destroys the effect

ONE OF BRITAIN'S HARD-WORKED DESTROYERS: An aerial view of the *H. 81* which recently spent a busy day in the Channel searching for the German liner *Bremen's* lost catapult 'plane. In the absence of sufficient cruisers, the destroyers have many additional duties to-day

SIGNALLING A GAS ATTACK from H.M.S. *Furious* (aircraft carrier) during the Home Fleet's autumn cruise

A DISTINGUISHED CAST AT THE OLD VIC: A scene from Act II of Anton Tchehov's *The Cherry Orchard*. Left to right (sitting)—Leonid (Leon Quartermaine), the emotional Madame Ranensky (Athene Seyler), Anya (Ursula Jeans), and Varya, the hard and ageing spinster (Flora Robson). On ground—Trofimov (Dennis Arundell) and the loutish Lopahin (Charles Laughton)

PLAYS OF THE SEASON

Dull Moments in th of "Ballerina Splendid Dancing ar Acting by Anton Dol Revival of Tchehov Orchard" : The A Laughton : Lunacy

By PHILIP

"THE ACE" AND THE ASS: This is Leslie Henson's own title for this picture which was taken during a recent breathing spell enjoyed by Raymond Massey, who was then starring at the Lyric, and Mr. Henson who is making London laugh with his *Nice Goings On* at the Strand

AN R.K.O. STAR: Arlene Judge who stars with Ralph Bellamy in *The Flying Circus*—a picture due for general release early next year

The private lives of our great dancers are, I have always been led to suppose, singularly lacking in interest. From the moment, as tots of eight, they stand wobbling on their baby toes to the age of weariness and disillusion which was so vividly portrayed in *Grand Hotel*, it is probable that few of them have either the time or the inclination to be disreputable.

One can be both disreputable and dull. Lady Eleanor Smith in *Ballerina*, the play now at the Gaiety, has quite legitimately removed her heroine some little distance from Nature. She has emphasized her, just as that kindred spirit, Laura Knight, emphasizes her ballet girls and circus dancers. She has made her just a trifle disreputable, and more than a trifle dull. There is a certain dullness in the play which was not apparent in the book, and it is interesting to note the varying reasons put forward to account for it.

Some consider that the spectacle, which is admirable, hampers the drama; others that the drama would have been of precious little account without trippings and trappings, and plenty of them. To what extent Mr. Rodney Ackland, who fashioned the play out of the book, is to blame, if at all, I do not know; though I do know that Mr. Ackland, in one short scene, gave us the most vital acting of the whole evening, and for that I am grateful to him.

The fault lies, surely, in the fact that a necessarily episodic play must have to hold it together a character in whom one can take an interest. Frankly, Lina Varsovina, the world-famous dancer, bored me from the moment her stepmother slung her out of a cheap theatre into the arms of a circus juggler to the final scene when she was forty-eight and a bit fretful about it.

Lina, as we saw her on the stage, was an indeterminate creature who never seemed to do or say anything of the slightest interest. The juggler squabbled with her not, apparently, because he was insanely jealous but because she exasperated him with her lack of temperament. I have a suspicion that old Rosing died not of a weak heart but of sheer tedium; that the English "milord" vanished to marry one of his own class because he was fed up with Lina; that her nasty, hunch-backed son was rude to his mother because she was the sort of woman one just cannot help being rude to, mother or no.

Lina's shortcomings as a stage figure were not solely the fault of Miss Frances Doble, who played the part; the skill of all the world's greatest actresses lumped together would probably have been defeated. But Miss Doble missed many chances, and although she brought a pleasant suggestion of Mayfair into the sordid atmosphere of early Victorian Bohemia, that contribution was hardly sufficient.

In the later scenes she improved, but the part throughout was beyond her range. Nor did she look like, nor walk like, nor in any way suggest, a dancer. It is true that it is difficult to find an actress who can ballet-dance, or a ballet dancer who can act. But it is not impossible. The compromise by which Miss Wendy Toye did the dancing (most delightfully) wearing a Doblesque mask was both clumsy and confusing, though in the circumstances unavoidable.

At the very end Miss Doble, having studied assiduously, did spend a few seconds on her toes and was held in a graceful attitude by Mr. Anton Dolin. But, in the words of the elder Mr. Weller, "vether it's worth while goin' through so much to learn so little, as the charity boy said ven he got to the end of alphabet, is a matter o' taste."

We have, therefore, to fall back on the trappings. Fortunately they are very good—Mr. Aubrey Hammond's scenery and costumes, the splendid dancing of Mr. Anton Dolin, who proved that he can also act (why not a sequel, or a new version, with a male dancer, played by Mr. Dolin, as the hero?); the grace of Miss Toye, of Brigitta, a beauteous young blonde dancer, and of Mlle Lydia Kyasht, still lovely, who used to make many hearts beat in the days of the old Empire; and the music which, if it does not in itself amount to much, has been cleverly score and owes a great deal to Mr. Julian Clifford's skilled conducting.

"Sunshine House."—It requires a very sane man to write a good play about lunacy and a very brave one to produce it. My congratulations, therefore, to Mr. Voller, the author of *Sunshine House*, which ought to fill the Little Theatre for months (though I do not think it will), and to Mr. José Levy, that most charming and amiable of men, who has shown London more horrors—that is to say, plays with horrible subjects—than all his fellow managers.

The lunacy depicted in *Sunshine House* is not, fortunately, so lurid as it was in another of Mr. Levy's ventures. That belonged to his Grand Guignol days.

The arguments during the intervals of Mr. Voller's play supplied almost the only humour in the course of an interesting though morbid evening. One half of the audience seemed to be occupied in telling the other half, with an air of authority, that the mental home we saw was not true to life. They were met with the reply, equally positive, that everything was photographically exact. I can hardly believe that the auditorium contained, with the exception of a few doctors who were professionally non-committal, a full muster of people who had had personal experience of a mental home.

Whether or no the author was overstating his case is not for a critic with a record of sanity as yet unbroken to judge. Since Mr. Voller was at one time an attendant in a private nursing home for the dippy, it may at least be presumed that he knows his subject. What is more to the point is that he has written a strong play and, in the best sense of the word, a theatrical play.

The horror of it is all the more impressive for its restraint. We do not see shrieking maniacs. It is taken for granted—though I am not at all sure that it should be—that lunacy is proper material for a dramatist, the treatment could not have been more tactful while remaining within the confines of reality.

A highly-strung but perfectly sane young man, suffering only from overwork, enters a mental home voluntarily. When he is there the atmosphere of the place and his proximity to other, and genuine, cases gets on his nerves; he is thereupon certified, quite wrongly, and has no course but to escape, which he manages to do with the help of his *fiancée* and a sympathetic male nurse.

On his return home his fussy mother, in league with the bone-headed family doctor and the proprietors of the home, who do not want to lose the heavy fees paid by him, has him sent back again. His rage and disgust at such a step drive him to insane melancholia. There is a comforting suggestion as the curtain falls that he will recover.

ITTLE

Stage Version Relieved by Competent A Brilliant "Cherry of Charles at the Little

PAGE

THE PROBLEM PICTURE: A scene from Nesta Sawyer's *So Good! So Kind!* which came on at the Playhouse last week. Left to right—Lord Conistone (Brian Buchel), Lady Conistone (Mary Hinton), Lady L'Estrange (Marie Löhr), Lenardovitch (Anthony Blair), Marcus Fenwick (Aubrey Mather), Rosemary Fenwick (Pauline Vilda), Gerald Gill (Tony Bruce), and Sir George O'Gorman (Guy Newall). Lenardovitch (referring to the modernist painting): "You have hung her downside up." Lady L'Estrange: "I don't see much difference when it is the right way up"

A play such as this has to be acted immaculately. The performances of Mr. Clifford Bartlett (the young patient), Mr. Hugh E. Wright (the sympathetic nurse), Mr. George Belmore (the stupid, bullying nurse), Mr. William Bradford (a patient), and, in fact, of all concerned could not have been better.

And the play could not have been more significant had Brieux himself written it.

"So Good! So Kind!"—Some years ago Mr. H. F. Maltby wrote a pointed and amusing little play called *Such a Nice Young Man! So Good! So Kind!* which at the Playhouse carried on the famous old music-hall song in its title, had very little point, and was not particularly amusing.

Its characters, though not intended to be lunatics, behaved in imbecile fashion, which would be excusable if this were a farce and if their actors made it a funny farce. It was, however, described as a comedy—to be exact, "a flighty comedy," as distinct from *The Ace*, which might have been called "a flighty tragedy." Miss Nesta Sawyer, its author, wrote one good play, I remember, in a rather more serious vein. One of the faults of this one, which I found something of an ordeal, was that instead of abandoning itself to a farcical idea which was not all bad, it wandered off into discussions which were too clever-clever for its surroundings, but not clever enough to hold the attention on their own account or even to justify their inclusion.

The art of Miss Marie Löhr struggled nobly with an impossible part. Nearly all the acting was good, particularly that of Mr. Brian Buchel (who should, by the way, avoid doing his epigrammatizing with his right hand held as if he were a waiter carrying an imaginary plate) and of Mr. Guy Newall, who contributed a picture of a grey-moustached and rather peppery Sir Something-or-other, from the colonies, of the true Spencer Trevor blend.

"SO GOOD! SO KIND!" AT THE PLAYHOUSE: Lady L'Estrange (Marie Löhr) to Sir George O'Gorman (Guy Newall): "I've told you so often, George, that at my age platonic friendship is more dignified than marriage"

"The Cherry Orchard."—The Old Vic's production of *The Cherry Orchard* is as brilliant as that of *Twelfth Night* was the reverse. Mr. Tyrone Guthrie has this time done remarkably well, even if the comedy of the play is accentuated a trifle too much.

That is at any rate a fault on the right side. So many people are apt to regard everything written by Tchehov as undiluted gloom that it is wise to remove that impression.

None the less, the play has its pathetic side, which is here neglected to such an extent that it might well be called "The Cheery Orchard." The performance was "brief, bright, and brotherly"—and thoroughly enjoyable.

If the public will, for the most part, be drawn to this revival out of curiosity to see Mr. Charles Laughton drawing a tiny salary in the fogs of the Waterloo Road instead of a very large one in sunny Hollywood, that fine actor is not the sole asset. As the lumpish and rather lovable Lopahin, he is at his very best. But other self-sacrificers-in-the-cause-of-the-drama who are equally good are Miss Flora Robson and Miss Ursula Jeans, who is delicious.

"LILAC TIME": Two scenes from the Viennese Opera Company's successful rendering of the Schubert play. *Left*—Nowotny (Hans Reichelt), Guiditta Grisi (Hilde Harmat), and Count Scharntorff (Alfred Landory). *Right*—The impecunious Franz Schubert (Richard Tauber, centre) is toasted by his friends

THE LATE CAPTAIN ALBERT BALL, V.C., whose thrilling career is described by R. H. Kiernan in a biography just published by John Hamilton, Limited. (*From the portrait by Denholm Davis*)

BOOKS: By CECIL ROBERTS

Captain Albert Ball, V.C.—the Man with the "Nelson Touch" : Miss Muriel Hine's Clever Study of a Selfish Woman : The Assassination at Sarajevo Re-told in a Remarkable Novel : M. Gerbault in the South Seas

DR. BRUNO BREHM, author of *They Call It Patriotism*, a new publication by Geoffrey Bles. This novel traces the tragic history of the Archduke Ferdinand and describes in vivid detail the assassination at Sarajevo

Lying in bed reading the other evening, I was suddenly aware of the fitness of the book in my hand. I looked up from its pages and surveyed the bed and the room in which I lay. It was Nelson's bedroom, in which he had spent his last night in England before sailing in the *Victory* for Trafalgar. This little, highly-strung fellow, intensely ambitious, intensely patriotic, believing passionately in his country, and his privilege, under God's guidance, to deliver it from the enemy, was of a kind unusual in these days when pious resolutions against war are accompanied by a simple belief in human nature. And yet the book in my hand seemed to prove that the Nelson breed is still with us, and only wants the occasion to light the path of fearless unselfishness. For the book in my hand was **Captain Albert Ball, V.C.**, by **R. H. Kiernan (John Hamilton. 8s. 6d.)**, and in a discussion of Ball's character it is significant that a similarity in temperament with Nelson is mentioned, and that Ball's impetuous method of warfare was described as "the Nelson touch." No one who reads the accounts of Nelson's life can fail to be stirred by the warm-heartedness of the man, his intense passion for his country, and his very real sense of religious experience. All these qualities were revealed by young Albert Ball, destined to fall in glory, full of honour, at the age of twenty. Little more than one hundred years stood between these two Englishmen, and had time and circumstances transposed them we might, to-day, be reading of "the Ball touch" at Trafalgar, and of gallant young Captain Nelson, the air ace, shot down at Annœuillin. It is a pity that the frank honesty of this book has aroused resentment in certain quarters because the author states that, after his death, the R.F.C.H-Q claimed more victories for Ball than Ball had ever claimed for himself. I see in this statement no attempt to minimize the great achievement of one of the greatest airmen the War produced, and the book rightly stresses a much more important point, namely, Ball's immense inspiring influence on the force of which he was the star member, and the lasting nature of the great tradition he created. For the rest, the book merely elaborates the details we already knew from the *Life of Captain Ball* by Briscoe and Stannard.

I knew Ball but slightly, a schoolboy in my own native town, and met him but once after fame had crowned his brows, but an impression then of his quietness and modesty is borne out by every detail of this excellent book. What is surprising is the deep religious strain in the life of this young knight of the air. Clearly, and in no sense smugly, he regarded himself as a dedicated spirit. He hated the business of killing, but he conceived it to be his duty and was relentless in his rôle. Like Nelson, he was impulsive, wilful, highly temperamental, and also to those who knew him intimately, gentle, very affectionate, and of a simple disposition. How characteristic of the lad it was that on the last day with his mother, ere he left England never to return, he insisted that she should not accompany him to the station. "He said he wanted to see her for the last time while she was enjoying herself. So they went together to the cinema, and in the darkness he left her." And, again, one is reminded of Nelson, found on his knees in the cabin of the *Victory* after he had just made his last entry in his diary, while the ship rode forward into action, when young Ball, after a tremendous battle in which the odds had been against him, could not dictate his account of the fight but could only sit and mutter, "God is very good to me! God must have me in His keeping!"

There was a mystery in his end, fighting he passed from sight, and no adversary has a clear claim to his defeat. This new book is carefully documented and cannot be read without a heightened admiration for a lad who had "the Nelson touch." I am glad that Denholm Davis's excellent oil painting of Ball has been reproduced as a frontispiece.

Here are two novelists, one soundly established, one winning his spurs. **Mr. Roger Dataller** gave us a most excellent diary in *A Pitman Looks at Oxford*. He now turns to fiction, but he is again, I think, autobiographical, for it seems to me that **Uncouth Swain (Dent. 7s. 6d.)** has a fidelity to life that springs from personal experience. His hero is a young collier, and Mr. Dataller has gone back to the troubled, hardy England of William Cobbett. Here are all the usual ingredients, a hard millionaire, a poacher, cockfighting, the Reform Bill riots, and a brutality in the handling of the masses that reads like fiction—and wasn't. But while Mr. Dataller has chosen nothing original for his story, the emotional quality never falters and he has the gift of creating real flesh and blood. There is nothing omitted, we have a trial for murder and a first-class court scene. The fullness of this novel is refreshing after the skimpy fare we are often given, and Mr. Dataller is to be congratulated on an excellent start.

Miss Muriel Hine's name is a guarantee of an excellent story and a mastery in its telling. In **A Man's Way (Bodley Head. 7s. 6d.)**, she takes us this time into the Lincolnshire Fen district, with a glimpse by the way at Venice that has all the brightness of a Guardi. But excellent though the background is, and here is the East Coast so freshly painted that the ozone is invigorating as one proceeds, the study of a selfish woman is presented with consummate artistry. Pauline is one of those women who use men and proclaim their tyranny in the name of weakness, and Martyn is a successful novelist but an unsuccessful lover. In the end she kills him. Or does she? Here Miss Muriel Hine has done something few novelists would dare to do. The hero gets out of it, via suicide, and yet I have not been able to satisfy myself that Martyn deliberately drowned himself. There is a last kick for Pauline, and the measure of Miss Muriel Hine's power may be judged from the fact that the kick does not seem hard enough.

I advise readers not to be put off reading **They Call it Patriotism, by Bruno Brehm (Geoffrey Bles. 7s. 6d.)**, by the very difficult first fifty pages and the formidable stream of Serbian names. The novel also suffers from the fact that the author has chosen to write it in the present tense, which makes the dialogue somewhat theatrical. Moreover, he is not consistent in this, and reverts at times to the past tense in historical descriptions. But these are minor faults in a story magnificently conceived and carried out. Briefly, it follows the history of two characters, one nicknamed Apis, the Serbian leader of the Black Hand, and the ill-fated Archduke Francis Ferdinand. The story opens with the assassination of King Alexander in Belgrade and marches inexorably to that fatal day for the world, June 28, 1914, at Sarajevo, when the archduke was shot.

The author, the son of an Austrian army officer, has thoroughly mastered the history of the period. This book might well have been a serious historical reconstruction of the forces leading up to that fatal day and of the struggle between opposing parties in Serbia. It has throughout a quality of breathless suspense. The detail is amazing, and the story of the assassination itself is a moving piece of writing. It gives one also an insight into the forces driving Austria to her desperate course against Serbia. The story closes with the death of Apis at the hands of a rival secret society. What a terrible and arresting story this is of the cockpit of Europe! Herr Brehm has focused his attention on a high spot in the world's history, and has proved equal to his great theme.

A private life of Charles II is necessarily a salacious piece of history. It has attracted attention frequently, for the world never loses its interest in a king's mistresses. **Mr. Dennis Wheatley in Old Rowley (Hutchinson. 9s.)** has compressed the vast library concerning Charles II's private life, and has given us here a brief, rapidly moving story. Mr. Wheatley doubts if any prince in modern times gathered together a finer seraglio.

Mr. D. L. Murray's **Trumpeter, Sound (Hodder and Stoughton. 7s. 6d.)** is a very full-blooded, vigorous piece of story-telling. It is so chock-a-block with sentiment that at moments it out-Dickens Dickens. The book constitutes something of a bold attack upon the modern school of fiction-without-feeling. Briefly, it is the story of a small boy, the illegitimate son of an earl, who is put into a London office, accepts the King's shilling, and rides in the famous charge of the Light Brigade. I have never read a better battle piece, and the Crimea campaign is most excellently described. For me the book is spoiled by overdoses of the Little Nell strain, and a quite unnecessary and sickly coincidence in which the illegitimate boy rejects the chance of proving his legitimacy, and the wicked earl is forgiven. But Mr. Murray has such a vivid panorama to display, he is so prodigal with his characters, he lives his early Victorian scenes so vividly, that the reader is carried beyond criticism by the sheer gusto of this long and wholly enjoyable book. It might be called a Victorian version of *The Good Companions*, and the comparison does honour to both books.

The Fear of the Dead in Primitive Religion, by Sir James Frazer (Macmillan. 10s. 6d.), consists of six lectures in which the famous author examines the belief in the immortality of the soul among the savage and primitive tribes. He finds that the general attitude of primitive peoples to the spirits of the dead is one of fear rather than affection. Sir James is careful not to offend, but he scarcely hides his own agnostic view and he piles up overwhelming evidence. "The great majority of our species will continue to acquiesce in a belief so flattering to human vanity and so comforting to human sorrow," he observes. Sir James points out that there was no need to pay the toll for crossing the Styx. There was a short cut to hell down through a chasm. It was through this chasm Hercules dragged up Cerberus "so that he had no ferry-toll to pay to Charon, either for himself or for the dog. The pawky hero might almost have been a Scotchman." Like everything from Sir James Frazer's pen, the range of scholarship covers the remote corners of human evidence.

M. Alain Gerbault is clearly an eccentric. He dislikes his fellows and has a noble enthusiasm for the savage. He has again made a lonely crossing of the great seas and been among the remote islands of the Pacific. He returns, as most travellers from the South Seas, a great enthusiast and champion of the disappearing and, it would seem, ill-used Polynesians. In **The Gospel of the Sun (Hodder and Stoughton. 10s. 6d.)** he has collected a number of notes concerning the islands and their inhabitants. Officials, missionaries, and European clothing arouse his ire. He went "native" whenever possible, and seems to have won the confidence of a simple, kindly race of sun-gods. The book is too sketchy and whimsical to be of any real value, but it closes with some constructive suggestions for the better ruling of the vanishing natives of an earthly paradise.

A limited fame belonged to A. F. R. Wollaston, but he commanded the unlimited affection of his friends, and there were sad hearts when he was cut off in the full flood of a brilliant career. There could be little wrong with the man who could write of himself, "I have been simply dogged by good fortune." It was true, but Fortune has reason for her favouritism. It can be discovered in this memorial book, **Letters and Diaries of A. F. R. Wollaston (Cambridge University Press. 12s. 6d.)**, edited by his wife. These diaries cover his travels in New Guinea, Colombia, the Mount Everest Expedition, and the War.

Mr. Stephen Graham has now added a study, **Boris Godunof (Benn. 18s.)**, to his *Ivan the Terrible*. These two biographies stand naturally side by side. Here is the story of the Russian who grasped a throne, only to lose it weakly, after having survived the great peril of Ivan the Terrible's favouritism. It is a picture of incredible riches, violence, Tartar savagery, and Boyar treachery. Mr. Graham loves the Russian scene and here again he gives us a crowded canvas in which blood is the predominant pigment.

Professor Richard Specht turns from *Brahms* to **Puccini (Dent. 10s. 6d.)** and shows extraordinary sympathy with a composer who seems far removed from his own personal taste. But the man who wrote *La Bohème*, *Tosca*, and *Butterfly* must necessarily loom large in any consideration of the music of recent years. Herr Specht has a vivid pen and does not allow the psychological method, of which he is a master, to override the common human element. Thus it is that he makes Puccini an interesting study of the man of genius. His criticism is shrewd but never unfair.

On page 124 of this issue will be found a complete index of published and yet to be published works of fiction, biography, autobiography, etc., received by THE SPHERE during the past week.

NEW BUILDINGS

At Home and Abroad

THE £500,000 CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY LIBRARY showing the seventeen-storey tower a part of which is to be used as a storehouse for books. The building, which was designed by Sir Giles Gilbert Scott, has a framework containing over 1,300 tons of steel

A TUSCAN LANDMARK: The unusually designed hotel which has been built by the Fiat Company of Turin, at Marina di Massa, near Carrara, as a holiday resort for the children of their employees. The circular tower has eighteen floors and altogether there is room for 800 visitors

SIMPLICITY IN MODERN ECCLESIASTICAL ARCHITECTURE: The choir and sanctuary of the new Church of St. Faith at Lee-on-the-Solent, all the fittings of which were designed by the architects, the Hon. John Seely, F.R.I.B.A., and Mr. Paul Paget, A.I.A.A. The cross and martyr's crown above the canopy are in carved wood, silvered and painted

IN COLORADO'S CAPITAL: The imposing 5,000,000 dollar City and County Building which has recently been completed on a site facing the Capitol at Denver. It is constructed throughout of white granite

A STUDY IN GLASS AND CONCRETE: A new building, just completed near Croydon Aerodrome, reflecting the Continental white wall and metal window style which has been popular for some years abroad and which is gradually finding favour here for modern factory building

NEW MADRID: The imposing Fine Arts building recently erected in the Alcala. This is the latest important addition to the architecture of the Spanish capital, which still preserves much of the traditional spirit

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NOTES from the LONDON DRESS COLLECTIONS

Ronald Morrel

Peter Russell

Molyneux

High Fashion, like any other form of creative art, is not the prerogative of any one nation, though, as always happens in painting and in literature, the country of its origin does colour it to some extent. Not only is this inevitable; it is definitely a good thing, for national characteristics are a reflection of the thought and lives of the people, and to impose upon them something which is alien to their outlook is to force artificiality in the place of spontaneity.

Fortunately this is not a mistake that is made by England's leading dress designers. There are many models which can be described as "internationally" chic, but generally speaking the collections have been very cleverly adapted to the viewpoint of the Englishwoman. Her mental attitude, her colouring, even her figure is fundamentally different from the Parisienne's. Primarily she demands that her clothes shall beautify her, whereas the Frenchwoman thinks of that last and puts personality first.

Coats provide a very clear example of this difference of opinion. Paris this autumn is using fur to trim her coats and *not* to flatter their wearers. Almost invariably it is kept well away from the face, and necklines that are very hard to wear are the order of the day. London is creating coats that establish the same general silhouette, the exception being that heads are framed by luxurious fox collars, or throats rise from youthful collars and capes of Persian broadtail.

There is a subtle change in the outline of our day clothes. They are more slender and more gracious than they have been for many seasons. The keynote of the new silhouette is the cutting of materials on the bias, which means that they mould the figure without any suggestion of tightness, and flare slightly at the hem without the introduction of pleats and godets. The movement in day skirts starts just above the knee, the length having been increased only very slightly. Tailored suits have succumbed to the fascination of pockets, and the jacket of the moment is unmistakably of the Norfolk persuasion, with two breast- and two hip-pockets. Fantastic shoulders have been banished, but width, induced by skilful padding and by standing tucks, is stressed, and interest mainly centres at the top of the arm. Wrap skirts, which in walking reveal one leg to the knee, share the honours with others that have a shallow inverted pleat at the centre back and front, or maybe a group of short pleats set into a slender panel at the back only.

Isobel's collection of suits for formal and informal occasions were classic in their beauty and typically modern in the wealth of new ideas that were lavished upon them. She is especially clever about high necklines which, handled well, are attractive on the majority of women, but cut without imagination, can be exceedingly trying. She showed many models with high boat-shaped necks, and she overcame the one-coloured-jumper, another-coloured-skirt difficulty by carrying the front panel of the jumper down over the skirt and buttoning it just below the waist. This does away with the sudden division which many women avoid because of the way in which it cuts the figure in half.

Peter Russell, who did some especially beautiful coats, also avoided any suggestion of exaggeration, and pinned his faith upon intricate workmanship and subtle colour schemes. Scarlet or sulphur and black, wild sloe, dried currant, mountain ash, dawn-red and mauve-white, were his basic shades. and lion skin belts were among the novel accessories he showed. His exquisite ensemble in wild sloe swan fabric is sketched in the centre of this page. The collar is of wild sloe and platinum fox. Tunics, by the way, have definitely to be reckoned with, for half or three-quarter length ones are shown in every collection.

Molyneux puts velvet gloves and belts on woollen frocks, usually in deep, rich colours. He also does a tweed skirt with a matching cape and a jacket of brown velvet, the complementary hat combining both fabrics. Buttonholes piped in green were a feature of a coral suit with a skunk collar and cuffs, while his treatment of tartans is seen in the suit at the foot of this page. Tailored in a rough tweed woven into a fancy check in gay Scotch colourings, the coat is short and semi-fitting, while the skirt is cut on the cross, and the navy jumper has a high neckline fastened with nickel clips touched with red. The same clips fasten the coat and the wide cuffs on the sleeves, as well as the skirt at the waist.

There is infinite variety in the evening mode, which is luxurious and gracious in the manner of the Edwardian era. Velvet is used extensively, metal fabrics make a determined reappearance, and lacquered satins are seen again and again. Beautifully moulded sheaths outline the body from beneath the arms almost to the knees, and thereafter fullness is subtly introduced in many ways, though always with the utmost discretion. The only sign of the exuberance of the summer is reflected in the use of feathers—ostrich, coq. and aigrettes—most of which are massed on the shoulders.

Two sharply contrasted frocks from Ronald Morrel are shown at the head of this page. The first is of black marocain, woven in a new sixty-inch width so that it can be made without any visible seams. Curved puffed frills wind round the figure and stress its slender lines, and a bird of paradise plume accents the asymmetric line of the corsage. The second frock is of white ring velvet and delicately lovely black lace. The high-necked yoke which forms the sleeves and leaves the back almost entirely bare is very skilfully thought out, and the slit in the front of the skirt is seen in many of the autumn models. He has revived an old-fashioned thick pile Lyons velvet, and he also uses lace and lamé for his evening frocks, Morrel green and a vital electric blue being his favourite colours.

Except when the Edwardian influence is very clearly marked (when the narrowest of shoulder straps support sheaths which curve over the bust) soft draperies are carried across the upper arm to suggest short sleeves, or shoulders are widened in the cutting without being carried up.

Evening coats are mostly very long and dignified and are closely swathed round the figure. Yokes and sleeves of fur are more popular than fur collars, and foxes of two colours are frequently introduced on the same model. Three-quarter and full-length capes which hang in voluminous and statuesque folds provide an alternative for the woman who has an eye for the picturesque.

THE PETROL WORLD

By A. PERCY BRADLEY, M.I.A.E., A.M.I.Mech.E.
(Clerk of the Course, Brooklands, and "Sphere" Motoring Correspondent)

The Infinitely Variable Gear—Learning to Skid—The Ford Motor Exhibition—The Danger of Fumes

1934 MEETS 1900: A show model Renault saloon on its way to Olympia exchanges greetings with a veteran of 1900 of the same make, proceeding to the works for adjustments

CARS IN KENSINGTON: A remarkable picture taken at one of the Olympia car parks which holds nearly 1,000 cars. All car parks within a quarter of a mile radius of Olympia were full this week and themselves constituted an interesting motor show

OIL-DRIVEN: An attempt will be made by Mr. George Eyston, the racing motorist, to beat the 100·75 m.p.h. record for Diesel-engined cars at present held by the United States. The vehicle he will use is shown above and is fitted with a London bus engine

WANDERLUST: Rosita Forbes with the newest thing in hats and motor cars (a Humber Snipe "80" Sports Saloon), both of which she has purchased prior to her 20,000 mile journey through all the Americas, and during which she hopes to visit the Maya cities buried for centuries in the impenetrable jungles of Yucatan. She proposes to return to Europe in the *Graf Zeppelin* after a previous long-distance flight which will involve crossing the Brazilian forest

The unexpected and eve-of-the-Show announcement by the Austin Motor Company that they were introducing an automatic and infinitely variable gear-box caused quite a sensation in motoring circles. Ever since motoring began brains have been concentrated on producing such a gear-box, but evidently until now no one has succeeded in making one sufficiently reliable to please hard-hearted business-minded manufacturers. All kinds of principles have been tried, such as compressed air, water, oil, and friction, and it is, therefore, very interesting to know that friction has won the day. On motor cycles and on the early cycle cars of 1912 the transmission system frequently embraced an expanding pulley device working in conjunction with a belt. Fortunately, the owners of these vehicles were of a distinctly sporting type who were more often than not merely amused when they did not move at all in wet weather or when the lowest gear was engaged. At that time I well remember everyone came to the same conclusion, that friction in a transmission system was not to be recommended. Such a verdict naturally only applied to friction transmission as it was then known. For many years, however, a remarkably successful infinitely variable friction transmission was used in the famous G.W.K. car, and although this particular make has ceased to be manufactured its disappearance was in no way connected with this very simple transmission which consisted of two large diameter discs pressing against each other with their axes at right angles.

The new Austin variable gear employs the principle of friction, but it is rolling friction and is used in a very novel manner, and the mechanism is so designed that the parts all operate under really good conditions. There is no doubt in my mind that eventually all cars will be so manufactured that the driver will have no clutch or gear-box to work. Of course, the ideal development would be for the petrol engine itself to be made flexible like a steam engine, but I am afraid that there appears very little chance of that coming about. The next best thing is to produce an automatic gear such as is now being adopted by the Austin Motor Company. I am not saying too much when I point out that the whole of the motor trade will watch the behaviour of this new gear-box very keenly, and as success is assured the result will be that Austin's will have blazed a trail in the same way as Armstrong Siddeley's did when they first fitted a Wilson type pre-selective gear-box.

THE AUSTIN SIXTEEN CARLTON SALOON which has a very spacious interior and is mounted on a stiffened cross-braced drop frame. The synchro-mesh gear-box assures silent, easy gear changes

Frequently we read of accidents, fatal and sometimes less serious, where the driver attributes the cause to a skid. This excuse is in due course submitted to the court, and almost invariably the magistrate, judge, or coroner automatically assumes that the driver is blameless, a skid being looked upon as an act of God. Now anyone who knows anything about motoring realizes that a skid does not take place unless the driver or the car is at fault. If direction is changed too rapidly, brakes applied too hard, or a bend taken too fast, skids will probably take place, but the point is that the driver should not be performing such mad tricks or driving so dangerously. In other words, the skid is an unmistakable visible piece of evidence that the car has been driven dangerously. Sometimes the very best drivers experience this unpleasant sensation on a stretch of frozen road which they were unable to notice, but that does not absolve them from the reproach that when the skid took place they were definitely driving too fast for the particular stretch of road they were covering.

A car, too, may cause a skid through some part breaking or coming adrift. In such cases one might truthfully say that it was an act of God, though the trouble might be traced to faulty manufacture, or lack of attention on the part of the owner. Whether the skid is due to the machine or the driver an accident should not necessarily occur, for an experienced and skilful driver can correct a skid so that no harm eventuates. Before the advent of front-wheel brakes and superchargers, the racing driver in a road event frequently put his car into a skid in order to get it round a corner quickly. This movement is always under control when a skilful racing man is at the wheel, for should the car do what *it* wants to do valuable seconds are lost.

As I said before a skid in nine cases out of ten should be controllable, but the trouble is that motor drivers are terrified of the movement and figuratively throw up their hands and wait for the crash. They a[re] not altogether to blame, because I know of no school [of] motoring that possesses a skid track where skidding ca[n] be indulged in safely by novices. Something should b[e] done to remedy this state of affairs, for no one ought [to] be allowed out on the public roads in control of a motor car unless he or she can demonstrate to their instructor[']s satisfaction that skidding holds no terrors for them.

The London General Omnibus Company have ha[d] a skid ground at their Chiswick depot for many years and every bus driver is put through a course on it. We want several such grounds dotted about the country and until we have them all the private owner can d[o] is to go out early one morning, select a deserted piece of road, preferably a wide one, and deliberately put the car into a skid and endeavour to correct it. They must, of course, have an experienced motorist beside them in order to give the necessary instructions. I would suggest, therefore, to various courts that when the cause of a[n] accident [is] given as a ski[d] they sh[ould] inquire searchingly as to why the car got into such an evolution.

A [...] usual [...] Ford Motor Exhibition [at] the Royal Albert Hall, London, [...] and is still th[is] week a great success. T[he] company, w[ith] its huge w[orks] at Dagenham is one of [the] few that [pro]duce s[uch a] variety th[at] their cars can make a very complete show on th[eir] own. The Ford people, too, know how to stage [an] exhibition, with the result that visitors to the Al[bert] Hall have not only been interested in the cars which th[ey] saw but were also highly entertained by the fam[ous] orchestras that played, and the film displays wh[ich] showed Ford cars and trucks at work in various countr[ies] and under all kinds of conditions. Also on view we[re] demonstrations of repair work in progress by exp[ert] mechanics. The range of cars exhibited was [...] comprehensive and the decoration of the hall show[ed] them off to the best advantage. The exhibition w[as] open from 10 a.m. to 10 p.m. daily and finally clo[ses] to-day (Saturday) at 10 p.m.

Reports have reached the R.A.C. from time to time [of] drivers or passengers in saloon cars being affected [by] gases from the exhaust. Investigation has shown [that] these gases arise either from leakage at various points [in] the exhaust system, or from the breather pipe or [oil] filler cap of the engine, and penetrate to the interior [of] the car through loosely fitting floor boards. These con[di]tions are particularly noticeable when the state of th[e] cylinder bores or pistons permits of the passage of g[as] from the combustion chamber, and when the engine [is] in this condition it is essential that the windows of t[he] car should never be entirely closed. If the car is be[ing] driven with one or more of the windows open, [the] danger to the passengers is small. If, however, a[ll] the windows, and possibly also the top ventilator, [are] closed, as is not infrequent in very cold or wet weat[her] then the danger is very grave indeed.

It is very difficult to detect carbon monoxide in air; its effects are very rapid, and it is possible, wh[en] there is serious infiltration of the gas into a closed [car] with little or no ventilation, for the driver or pass[engers] to be overcome without warning. To avoid the p[ossi]bility of such an occurrence, the R.A.C. recomm[ends] that drivers should examine the exhaust systems of th[eir] cars from time to time to ensure that there are no lea[ks,] to see that the floor boards are properly in posi[tion] and secured, and also never to run for any prol[onged] period without ventilating the car. Should at [any] time the presence of carbon monoxide be susp[ected] in a closed car, it should be stopped immediately a[nd] the driver and passengers should at once get out in[to] the open air.

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Right—Mr. Roderick Stanhope Wemyss, son of Vice-Admiral Edward Wemyss, receiving instruction as an assistant chef from M. Malet at Grosvenor House. He is training for a career in the hotel business

AT THE OPENING OF THE M.M. CLUB: A group including Mr. Harold Samuel, Professor Julian Huxley, Mr. Stuart Robertson, and Miss Dora Labette

A NOVEL EXPERIMENT ON THE TIDEWAY: Members of the London Rowing Club going out for a training spin with their cox seated in the centre of the boat

THE TONGUE TWISTER: A native conjurer of Tetuan, Morocco, in the act of swallowing coins given him by appreciative tourists

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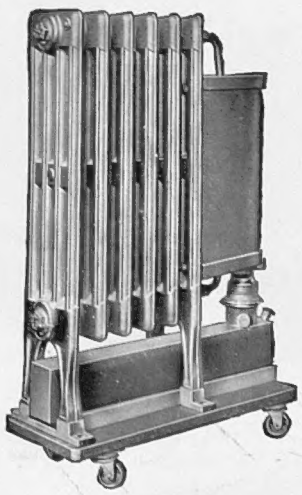

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The Roosevelt Experiment

(Continued from p. 102)

the nation's currency consists of deposit currency or currency subjected to cheques.

If at any time price should prove unstable then a plan similar to that outlined by Mr. Irving Fisher, American economist of world repute, would perhaps be put into operation. In place of gold coin, paper notes (or certificates) redeemable in gold would circulate. The dollar would be a fixed weight of gold, adjustable whenever necessary, and the gold would remain interred in the vaults of the Treasury. To compensate for gains and losses in the purchasing power of this gold dollar, grams of gold would be added or subtracted from it. Variations in purchasing power would be ascertained by the following means: a dollar capable of purchasing a composite basketful or list of commodities on a given date would be taken as a base. Thereafter, whenever the index number pointed to a rise or fall in prices, the necessary correction in the content of the gold dollar would be made. Thus the commodity dollar would be a statistical image, not a circulating medium, and would be designed solely for the purpose of testing and adjusting the gold dollar.

Mr. Fisher considers that the need for re-valuation of gold would rarely make itself felt, and that the inconvenience caused to foreign commerce by the occasional fluctuations in exchange would be more than compensated by the benefits derivable to home commerce from stable prices.

I have only outlined very briefly the plans that are in the minds of American thinkers. Many criticisms have been used against them, the most fundamental of which are that it is impossible to ensure the stability of prices by the management of credit and currency within the workings of any imaginable system, and the construction of a really fair representative index of prices is also out of the question.

The German Students' Scarlet Bath

(Continued from p. 104)

reopen. They used to look like the devil himself sometimes. At the end of a duel both fighters are helped by their seconds into an adjacent room which has been fitted out as surgery. On the way they have removed their soaked protectors, and then one sits down under the doctor while his opponent stands clasping his hand. *And*—dozens of other students crowd round while the gashes are bathed and the lips of flesh are drawn through with gut, crowd round to see if the fellow will flinch under it. When the second dripping fighter has also been attended to (it all happens very quickly), the two late opponents solemnly shake hands, loud cheers, and then the pair must return to the duelling chamber and watch the next affair. Of course, students often faint, but that's not counted against them provided it doesn't become repetitious.

I am not going to intrude any frills or reflections on the above bald tale. I know what lots of you have been saying. "*Savages!*"

Let it be rather: different, totally, totally different, somewhere back in a Butchery Beyond of chain and mail . . .

But, as no reactionary, I would like to say this to any of current Oxford who may have been reading: behold the men you have got to collaborate with in ruling this world.

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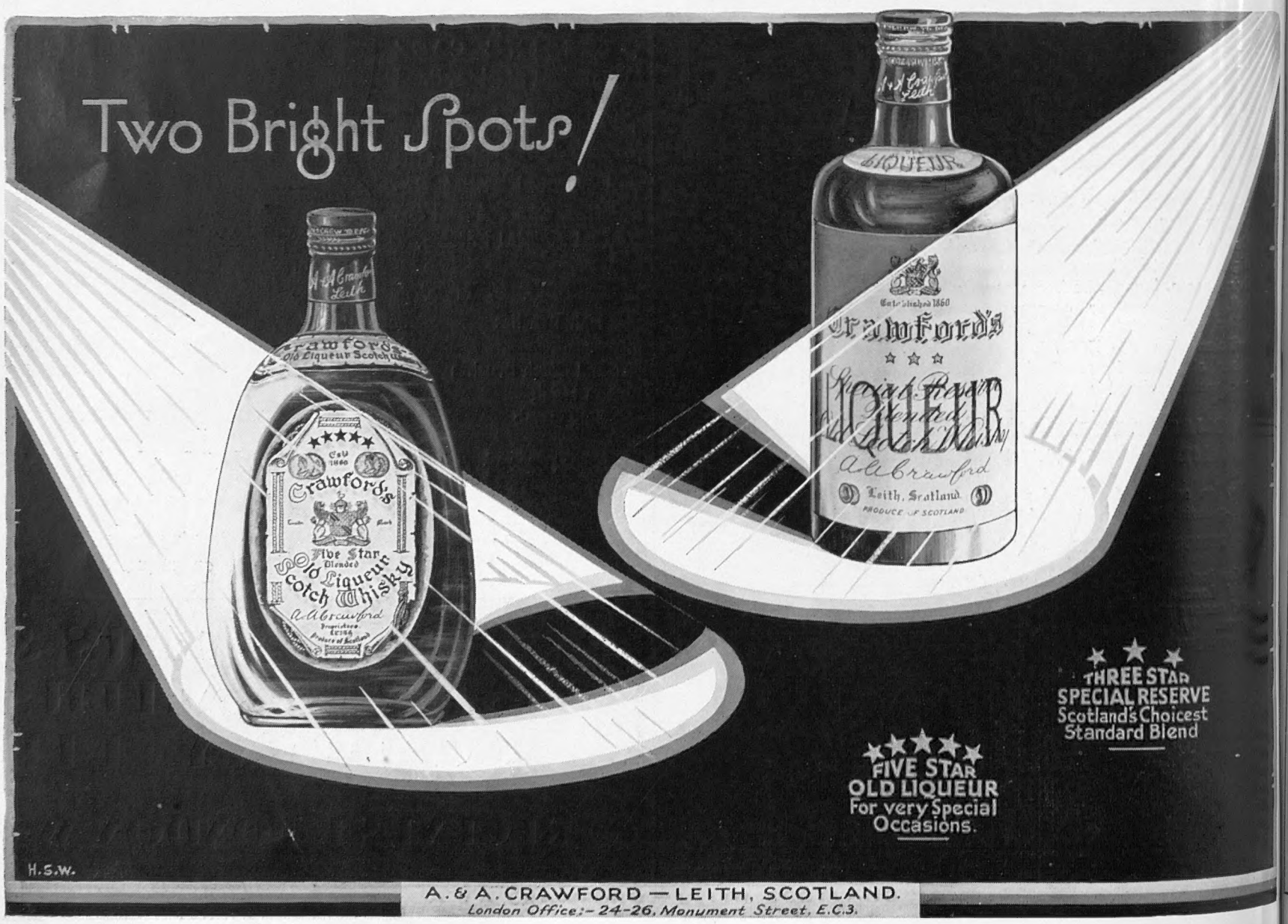

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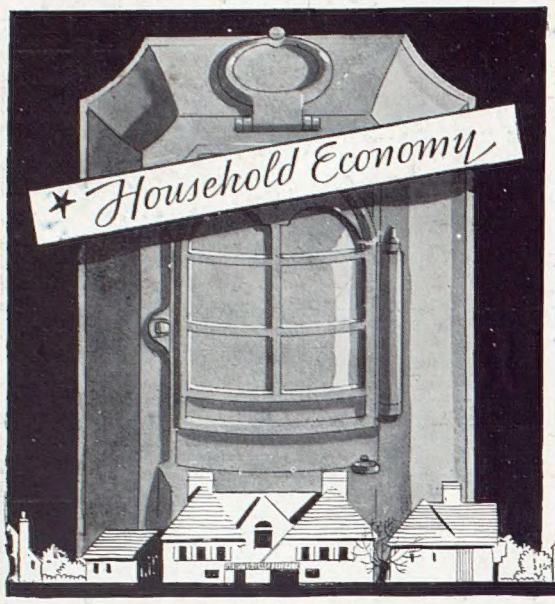

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